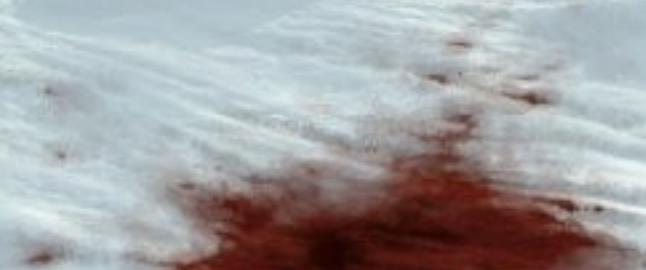




WINNIE PAZ

SEASON OF THE ASSASSIN



EXPLICIT
ADVISORY

Vinnie Paz - Intro Lyrics

{Clip from some documentary about Vinny Pazienza the boxer I guess:}

He's a fighter and fighter...*

You don't make fighters.

Vinnie's a born fighter and I could see that when he was a kid, he was little, he was different from other kids.

{Excerpt from the Hagakure:}

Yeah, Pazienza, I'm here baby. The Way of the Assassin is found in death. Meditation on inevitable death should be performed daily. Every day when one's body and mind are at peace, one should meditate upon being ripped apart by arrows, rifles, spears and swords, being carried away by surging waves, being thrown into the midst of a great fire, being struck by lightning, being shaken to death by a great earthquake, falling from thousand-foot cliffs, dying of disease or committing seppuku at the death of one's master. And every day without fail one should consider himself as dead. This is the substance of the Way of the Assassin.

Vinnie Paz - Beautiful Love Lyrics

(*Prod. by Shuko)

[Verse 1:]

I'm out for whatever you wanna call it, cash or paper*
My only purpose to kill, perfect assassinator
I'm on the path of Islam, you on the path of Vader
My nickname Buck 50 cousin pass the razor
The 750, I turn you from a fan to hater
Feeling myself like I'm a chronic masturbator
I ain't the type of motherfucker you should ask a favour
I'm the type of motherfucker that'll blast my neighbour
I look at anybody as weak that has a saviour
The Israeli Galil will turn your ass to vapour
I got an Ingram MAC-11 and it has a laser
I got a thing for MAC-11s, not a passive nature
Everything I write is war on the pad and paper
I don't listen to rap no more, my passion's Slayer
My heart is cold as the temperature of a massive glacier
I put a giant hole inside you like a massive crater

[Verse 2:]

Everywhere I go to ball Paz is strapped
I be loading it up, I be cocking it back
I ain't in my right mind, I ain't stopping at that
I will hit his lifeline in the back of his cap
See I'm faster than a motherfucker grabbing his gat
Beating me is just illogical imagining that
I'm a [?] you is just a pacifist rat
I make bodies disappear like a magical act
Yeah, I'm just giving the fans another anthem
This is just another example of my expansion
I make your top drop like the new Phantom
I like to pop shots with my new cannon
The left hook wild vicious, I'm a champion
You ain't wilding out cousin, that's a tantrum
Wild assault rifles, thirty fucking handguns
I'm holding all of you motherfuckers for ransom

Vinnie Paz - Brick Wall Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Ill Bill and Demoz:]

[Verse 1: ~Vinnie Paz~]
This is Taliban rap, I'm a fucking bomber*
My head wrapped like somebody who suffered trauma
Musically I'm the embodiment of Jeffrey Dahmer
Usually in the environment of marijuana
My straight right like Arguello was
You a medigon, Vinnie do what a dego does
You about to find out what the human tornado does
You a bitch, you ain't even half what you say you was
My shit is hard body lord, I'm a fucking legend
I don't get my hands dirty, that's for fucking henchmen
I'm the equivalent of Russian Roulette, fucking tension
And when you hear the ram's horn it's the fucking ending
I'm a vampire, I love the setting of sun
The night my time killing already begun
I'm from the same place Anton Lavey is from
I'm about to put the biscuit right to my head and be done

[Chorus: ~Demoz~]
This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off

This Percodan got me feeling like a brick wall
With that said I give a fuck about a withdrawal
Fuck a quarterback, bullets get you picked off
Critics get pissed on when I'm pissed off

[Verse 2: ~Demoz~]
1978 my mom had a date
'84 had me, had a hard time great
Mom wasn't weak, I guess my dad wasn't fake
But guessing only led to one thing, my mistakes
That's why I cut the grass real low, check for snakes
Apply pressure when I need to satisfy my weight
Selling coke and the diesel
Fiends going crazy putting dope in their needles, it's hopeless and evil
You can smoke wet and get smoked with the Eagle
All over nothing, fucking pride and your ego
Spit all facts, I ain't gotta mislead you
Talk shit wherever you stand, that's where I leave you
Believe me, I can get you killed real easy

Leave the scene but the ho won't leave me
Tackle the dresser, bitch try to tease me
I put a hole in her head right where her weave be, believe me

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3: ~I'll Bill~]

I'm the bomb attached to the chest of exploding martyrs, code of honours

Shoot me out your M16, deliver souls beyond the world

To conquer planets and enslave entire populations

Colosseums where Hamas supply the operation

Gladiators battle on the side of sovereign nations

Fathers of confrontation, Lamas to pop your face in

Blinded by lies and hatred, they conjure up abomination

Armies march across the continents honouring Satan

The final countdown, 2012

Jumping out the Black Hawk with the black Eagle by the money belt

I take you from the edges of space to the projects

From the pyramids to Giza to where God sits, we monstrous

I'm conscious homie, I'm wide-aware

I supply the hate, La Coka Nostra

The skull and guns, I supply the weight

How many bricks you want? Let me see your money first

As a matter of fact I'm taking your money you fucking herb

Fuck outta here, Billy Idol, La Coka Nostradamus

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Pistolvania Lyrics

[Verse 1]

I can show you how the nine spit
It's Frost, Freeway, and Vinnie from Jedi Mind Tricks, I'm on my grind trick
Niggas flows is hot but Frost greater
Y'all niggas don't exist like Luke without Vader
Got a young buck that remind me of Lando Calrissian
Smooth as Billy Dee when he sneak his pistols in
A Colt 45 it works every time
Vinnie out there drinking on that (that's right)
I know they out there thinking on that
Niggas think about creeping on Jakk
Probably mad cause his main bitch creeping with Jakk
Every third weekend with Jakk she sleeping with Jakk
How sleezy is that?
Y'all niggas talk George but you ain't seen the brick yet
I've been touching money since the kitten played ? stack
But a house party to me is a crib full of fiends
Ready to cop that ziplock ready rock

[Hook]

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
When the drinks start flowing and the green starts glowing
If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

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If you from the hood I know you feel me, keep going

[Verse 2]

Who the best motherfucker in the street that you never heard?
The 45 separate your head and it severs nerves
Call me Koko B. Ware, I carry several birds
I'll demolish enemy scholars with every deadly word
These motherfuckers don't know the pain that the steel is doing
I'mma let em take it back to the block and explain it to em
Cut a motherfucker head like Hussein would do him
Take his motherfucking bread now it's painless to him
And feed the pitbulls that man's bones
Cause I'm here to fuck the game up like Pac-man Jones
I'm Kobe with rock, if not I'll fucking zone in the spot
But if you disrespect my mother or my home then you shot
I'm lonely a lot and that's the type of person who's deadly

And the 50 cal make your face look like spaghetti
Look at this feti, look at all this beautiful shit
A south Philly scumbag wearing Gucci and shit
It's over

[Hook]

Hip hop started out in the park
That's right, we used to do it when the weed would sparked
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[Verse 3]

This is Jakk Frost, it's your boy Vinnie, Philly Freezer
We do it proper cause hip hoppers they really need us
I tote the semi if you ? you won't really see it
How about a tough guy scream when he's shot
I ran terror from the same era as Biggie and Pac
This is ? we will plot you leave you paraplegic
You never there, I'm everywhere
I say I'm there then believe it
When you see me Louis Vuitton here in the drop yeah
Philly Freezer get paper all year
New Year's I'm on the ball, I'll be there when it drops
These snitch niggas saying I'm near when I'm not
Bet you when the bodies dropping they start calling the law
Rockafella heat spitters, Desert Eagle heat holders
Philly Freezer keep soldiers that'll ride for the cause
The AK will heat niggas, it'll flip your Jeep over
If these niggas try me probably catch a body tomorrow yeah

Vinnie Paz - End Of Days Lyrics

(*Prod. by Sicknature)

[** feat. lock McCloud:]

[Intro:]

The greatest form of control is when you think you're free when you're being fundamentally manipulated and dictated to. One form of dictatorship is being in a prison cell and you can see the bars and touch them. The other one is sitting in a prison cell but you can't see the bars but you think you're free*

What the human race is suffering from is mass hypnosis. We are being hypnotized by people like this: newsreaders, politicians, teachers, lecturers. We are in a country and in a world that is being run by unbelievably sick people. The chasm between what we're told is going on and what is really going on is absolutely enormous.

[Chorus: ~Block McCloud~]

It's like we all know what's going down

But no one's saying shit, what happened to the home of the brave?

These motherfuckers they're controlling us now

But no one's talking about it, made us proud to be slaves

And everybody's just walking around

Head in the clouds, we won't awake until we're dead in the grave

By then it's too late, we need to be ready to raise up

Welcome to the end of days

[Verse 1: ~Vinnie Paz~]

Everybody is slave, only some are aware

That the government releasing poison in the air

That's the reason I collect so many guns in my lair

I ain't never caught slipping, never underprepared

Yeah, The Shaytan army, they just break it proudly

George Bush the grandson of Aleister Crowley

They want you to believe the lie that the enemy Saudi

The enemy ain't Saudi, the enemy around me

There's fluoride in the water but nobody know that

It's also a prominent ingredient in Prozac (For real?)

How could any government bestow that?

A proud people who believe in political throwback

That's not all that I'm here to present you

I know about the black pope in Solomon's Temple

Yeah, about the Vatican assassins and how they will get you

And how they cloned Barack Hussein Obama in a test tube

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

Whoever built the pyramids had knowledge of electrical power

And you know that that's the information that they suppress and devour
Who you think the motherfuckers that crashed in the tower?
Who you think that made it turn into ash in an hour?
The same ones that invaded Jerome
The ones that never told you about the skeletons on the moon
Yeah, the ones that poison all the food you consume
The ones that never told you about Mount Vesuvius Tomb
The Bird Flu is a lie, the Swine Flu is a lie
Why would that even come as a surprise?
Yeah, the Polio vaccine made you die
It caused cancer and it cost a lot of people their lives
Do y'all know about Bohemian Grove?
How the world leader sacrificing children in robes?
Lucifer is God in the public school system
I suggest you open up your ears and you listen

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Outro:]

The greatest hypnotist on the planet Earth is an oblong box in the corner in the room. It is constantly telling us what to believe is real. If you can persuade people that what they see with their eyes is what there is to see you've got them. Because they'll laugh in your face of an explanation then which portrays the big picture of what's happening... and they have.

Vinnie Paz - Righteous Kill Lyrics

(*Prod. by Lord Finesse)

[Verse 1:]

I'm a fucking thunderstorm, you's a light shower*
You a bitch, you shoot and miss like Dwight Howard
 You can't battle the god, I'm too precise coward
That's like Khalid Muhammad saying he's White Power
This the machete that your organs getting sliced out with
 The blind motherfucker in the village Bryce Howard
 My brain only function proper in the night hours
 You might own a fucking label but the mic ours
 My shit hi-tech lord like a plastic bomb
 An asshole, I punch people with glasses on
 Anybody disagreeable we mashing on
I only fuck with green and gold god magic wand
An encore is the only thing that you clapping on
 I'm a pitbull pussy, you a papillon
A bitch get a 40 from me, not a glass of Dom
 I'm the G-29 in the assassin's palm

[Chorus:]

All I hear is danger, all I see is danger
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya
 Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

All I hear is danger, all I see is danger
All you hear is "run, run, here come danger"
Shatter dreams like Freddy your thoughts rearrange ya
 Stare death dead in the eyes, it'll change ya

[Verse 2:]

It's a righteous kill, I don't do nothing but write and kill
 Drink 40s, smoke el, push the white and krill
 I move strong and fast, I have a bison's will
I'm the motherfucking champ, I'm the fighting field
 I'm from the city of the syrup and Vicodin pills
From the city the most fearless of fighters was filmed
The city where we have the most street veterans still
 The Moors, Nuwaubians, Five Percenters will build
 I'm from Philly motherfucker, the rawest it comes
 I make your body disappear, I'm a sorcerer's tongue
You live your whole life in fear that the torture will come
 I hope my music is revered like a portrait of Pun
 I'm paranoid god here in my fortress with guns
I had a void god, filled it with whores and with blunts

I ain't have a choice god, I was born in the slums
I ain't have a voice god till I slaughtered the drums

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

Yeah, the four-fifth is a melon popper
Hollow tips spin your body like a helicopter
Anything can move god if you sell it proper
And I've been through more viewings than a teleprompter
This is horrorcore beat, got hella monsters
My team's got more Gs than a spelling proctor
Y'all ain't never moved D, y'all are petty choppers
I got a vicious left hook, call me Eddie Thomas
But I'm raw with the right hand
Like Jack Johnson fighting against the white man
Yeah I'm about to shorten your life span
Evil shit can be good if it's in the right hands
I make motherfuckers burn, you a slight tan
I keep a motherfucking urn on my nightstand
So wait your motherfucking turn like a hype man
I bury you with the snitches under the white sand

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - No Spiritual Surrender Lyrics

(*Prod. by DJ Muggs)

[** feat. Sick Jacken:]

[Verse 1:]

I don't know why y'all scared now, this ain't a new game*
Christians been raping children over in Ukraine
I don't indulge in small talk, it's only true pain
I don't divulge the plan ahk, I fuck with Hussein
Acid is falling from the sky, fuck a new reign
This is a flammable liquified gas butane
Muggs gave me audio heroin, hit the blue vein
I ain't even Vinnie no more, Evil my new name
I'm like Elijah Muhammad carrying thoughts afar
Laws of nature and mathematical charts of god
I'm taking everything letting you faggot authors starve
War criminals are becoming the arbiters of law
And y'all are fouler than swallowing pork
Real talk, free speech under foreign assault
And y'all are burying your head in the dirt
The heavy metal king hold big shit, hit your head with the lock

[Chorus: ~Sick Jacken~]

This shit is (raw), the Jedi Mind's (raw)
It's war with the metaphor and you ain't seen a storm before
You ain't Pac, get the fuck out of the underground floor
It's over, homie you ain't got no love anymore

Do it (raw), the Psychorealm's (raw)
This war's gonna end all, you ain't seen a storm before
I ain't taking this shit no more
We approach with a white skull when we assassinating y'all

[Verse 2:]

I'm the father of anything that's been done before
I was sparring with you, I ain't even begun the war
I like darkness, I don't know what the sun is for
Y'all have small hammers, y'all must be the son of Thor
Don't need hands, telepathically the gun will draw
That's the reason that you motherfuckers is running for
I saw the angel Gabriel y'all who we coming for
Y'all lock your part the same hell when I confronted y'all
I can ascend without any physical death
I can repent without any physical breath
To me it's not a discussion it's invisible chess
And if the vodka not Russian then it ain't hitting the chest
I can talk about guns, drugs, deading your shit

I can talk about the Torah and dimensional shifts
The power of the almighty is what's sent through my lips
The power of the almighty when the sentinel spits

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I'm the complete rapper, the seventh son of the beast master
My heart is bigger than anyone and it beats faster
I'm a fucking king getting better with each chapter
Kiss the fucking ring, you'd better agree bastard
A sucker MC like to think [?] classic
I'm not a fucking star yet but the seed planted
Energy of god head, Vinnie P tantric
I'm capable of levitating and speak Sanskrit
Yeah, and that's all part of the perfect machine
Part of perfect precision, part of the perfect regime
Part of purpose and the part of the work on my Deen
Perform wudhu make salah now the surface is clean
Everything meticulous, Vinnie's work is pristine
Fuck with me you'll take a trip under earth with the queen
I give a fuck about a critic, I'm searching for cream
My shit is filled with hollow tips so it bursts in ya spleen

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Street Wars Lyrics

(*Prod. by Shuko)
[** feat. Clipse and Block McCloud:]

[Verse 1:]

Yeah, bout as real as they come*
Still pushing base like an African drum
The only other hands that it touched before Young
Was a Guala out of Dallas with shag like Tum Tum
Back to the hood where niggas started detoxing
Till I hit them corners with that motherfucking sheet rock
The rollers back bitch, the seal's on the back bitch
The six-three highlights the difference like an asterisks
Yes, the re-up game never dies
Soda makes the brick multiply
Push tons of monster with the pie
Keep water from the villain
Remember what it did to them gremlins?
Oh God, street wars when the heat warms up
In summertime niggas know what's up
Heavy armour, heavy drama, heavy karmas
Be the reason haters scared of us fucking their baby mamas

[Chorus:]

Soon as this product hits the street
You know they will be strung
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction hey

You know we got em hooked like fiends
They open like a drug
They'll be dancing to the beat of this drum
Listen, It's addiction

[Verse 2:]

Yeah, I told Pusha, I told Mal
Vinnie move more white shit than a snowplough
Everybody knew the guinnie was so foul
The SKS with the bayonet, oh wow
I'll rob everything and leave you with a hungry gut
The hollow tips leave you looking like you got a Gumby cut
You think you fucking with the God then you's a funny fuck
Rambo knife cut your stomach like a tummy tuck
All you see is darkness when the gun bursts
The G36 melt your brain like a Pun verse
I act wild but I handle my funds first
I'm drunk all the time, blood quenches the son's thirst

I don't talk about the money I got
Because if money want my money then money gets shot
Rap shit don't work then I dumb on the block
With Pusha and Mal cooking up the drums in the pot

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

Still with the coke man, same as it ever was
Re-up game, we the shame of America
Eighties hysteria, the 'caine be my legacy
The feds got our names, they hang us in effigy
Best believe it come back like it never left
I write rhymes but I'll bet I'd make a better chef
They can't wait for it to dry, they like it better wet
And I'm heavy with the D like Eddie F
I whip it good, real good then I let it rest
Then I scrape the sides then I let em test
Yes, I got weight like Creatine
A gem star hit that chopping block like a guillotine
Know what I mean? Sitting on chrome rims
Not only paper, we stack brick like Stonehenge
Go against us? Haters got no wins
I trust no one and I don't need no friends

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Ain't Shit Changed Lyrics

(*Prod. by MTK)

[** feat. Lawrence Arnell:]

[Verse 1:]

Ain't a goddamn thing gonna change, I'm still the same Vinnie*
I'm still the same fat motherfucker, same guinea
A little bit more money, that's why I ain't skinny
Still the same block-hugger, still the same city
I still got the same people that remain with me
That was drinking 40s with me when they slain Biggie
And the same motherfuckers felt the pain with me
When my stepfather died and they came with me
I ain't expect nothing less from them, they chained to me
Spiritually, mentally, we the same really
We all was raised on different blocks in the same Philly
Still some stupid motherfuckers saying they can't feel me
Actually they do feel me, they just ashamed really
That they ain't shining like the kid, a bunch of lames really
Dirtbags trying to make the kid insane really
But Louie Dogs just impervious to pain really

[Chorus:]

Every morning I rise up, I open my eyes
Thinking I'm the shit
I guarantee if you're fucking with me
You gon' know who you're fucking with

I been this way since I came of age
And I never did play them games
I'll be this way till the day I lay
Cause ain't a goddamn thing gonna change

[Verse 2:]

It ain't anybody ever gonna hold me down
I'm one of the greatest ever homie I stole the crown
I'm too strong and fast, you ain't slowing me down
I'm gonna keep beating your head, call me Homie the Clown
I hope that y'all are holding close to your rosaries now
I think I got a couple snitches that's close to me now
If I was them I'd keep it moving be ghost from me now
And pray that they don't run into Vinnie socially now
It's always one motherfucker trying to set you up
Dry snitch take something from you, wet you up
I was sleeping being dumb trying to protect the fuck
He getting buck fifty, slice him from his neck to gut
All in all ain't nothing changed, still the same squad

Some are still hustling, summers at the same job
Some is 9 to 5, some is on the graveyard
I'd rather have them on tour with me so I pray hard

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I'm the truth motherfucker, not built to betray
With the philosophy that Rome wasn't built in a day
No matter how strong the body it wilts and decay
After it's hit by a shotty that's silver and grey
I'm a mess, bipolar, I'm willing to say
That there ain't a woman that's living that's willing to stay
Somebody please fix my head, I'm willing to pay
I'm too at ease with the dead and the killing okay
Damn, I'm anti-social I'd rather be home
And when I'm drunk Planet and Crypt carry me home
I don't have a happy ending, just tragedy homes
You better address me as mister or majesty homes
I'm a messiah, I'm a liar, I have to be stoned
I'm a pariah, I retire, I have to be cloned
I have fire, I'm desire, this has to be known
I'm a survivor, a relier on tragedy's throne

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Aristotle's Dilemma Lyrics

(*Prod. by Madlib)

[Intro:]

Silly girl to be a fool*
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

[Verse 1:]

Y'all motherfuckers walk around like you got a wire
My watch face the same size as a Ducati tire
Everybody hit the deck when the shotty fire
Vinnie give your team problems like I'm Stoudemire
Your fam should be ashamed of you still
This ain't a cookout but Vinnie put the flame to your grill
You claim to be real but y'all just end up painfully killed
My four-fifth is vicious, cold enough for Satan to chill
I don't give a fuck cousin, everybody can fry
Everyone could be a victim, everybody could cry
Only a real man look another dead in the eye
And tell him that he only got like twenty seconds to die
I'm slow but I realise that's my best pace
My voice raw, when I spit it crack through my chest plate
I ain't the type of motherfucker to test fate
The type of motherfucker to increase the arrest rate
Streets fucked up suffering bad, there's no kush
Motherfuckers stuck hustling skag
Yeah, same ones get stuck with the mag
Hard rock turn to rubble cause he's fucking a fag

[Chorus:]

Silly girl to be a fool
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

Silly girl to be a fool
You didn't play the golden rule
'Cause once you're through with one world
There's another waiting there

[Verse 2:]

I'm a go hard till nothing is left
Till there's nothing left in the world, nothing but death
And the .38 tucked in my vest
And I stare at my guns like they're a pair of voluptuous breasts

I don't care, I'll take one in my chest
If it means seeing my father again and maybe touching his flesh
I'll walk around with thirty guns in my sweats
If it means that I'm eating and my mother eating, son of success
I see the world different than y'all
I have more determination and persistence than y'all
It's probably why I have such a resistance to y'all
It's probably why I been so much more consistent than y'all
It's business-involved, I'm everything that you could possibly dream
I'm a mathematician, I'm a vision, I'm a machine
Know what I mean? I roll with brothers pushing rock to the fiends
Roll with brothers who love their mothers, stay on top of their Deen
Louie Dogs rap harder than most
And I got something that rearrange your face and turn your pop to a ghost
You get rocked with the toast
And I make you put your hands up like people that are talking in quotes

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Kill 'Em All Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Beanie Sigel:]

[Intro:]

People want to think that this is the Wild West – we don't have any laws*
What we don't have is enforcement of those laws.
Senator Fumo argues tougher gun laws alone won't stop shootings.
Last time I checked we had a law against murder.
It doesn't prevent people from killing people.
The governor, the mayor, the DA, they all want stricter gun laws.

[Verse 1: ~Beanie Sigel~]

May death come to all those who cross us
The preachers, the pastors, the deacons, coffins
Church masses, closed caskets, Bible verses, long black hearses
Long-ass gats too big for holsters, obituary posters getting posted
The reaper closing in, he's getting closer
You just fake, you blink it's over
[?] soldier here, SK shoulder gear, ice grill who? Hold that steer
Half a clip and I hold that dear [?] now roll that J, yeah
You missed the list of the souls I spit
I double-checked that you ain't on that there
I squeeze weapons, hollow points open up like the cobra head
Collapse lungs like a fold-up chair, flat line, clear

[Chorus (2x): ~Vinnie Paz~]

Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all
Kill 'em all, kill 'em all

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

I rhyme like my life on the line, this fucking mic is mine
The past burglar, the mass murderer, the viper's shrine
A strong body could never conquer a righteous mind
Some think it's destiny, some of you think it's Christ-designed
You consider what I'm doing like a magical art
I consider what I'm doing like a stab through the heart
My brain moves at light speed, nothing fast as my thought
You might feel a slight breeze from the savage's heart
Y'all saying Vinnie is back but Vinnie never left
I just had these faggots hating and watching my every step
Everything with Vinnie very deadly, every breath
Everything with Vinnie very heavy, heavenly flesh
Y'all ain't fucking with weight, I'm doing steady reps
I'm a sell my shit and then skate like I was Kerry Getz

I keep my biscuit right next to where my machete rest
Everything is everything but pussy death is death

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

Vinnie Paz - Keep Movin' On Lyrics

(*Prod. by MoSS)
[** feat. Shara Worden:]

[Verse 1:]

I lost my job at the factory and that's disastrous*
They said it's due to regulation and higher taxes
They ain't give me no notice, they knocked me off my axis
I can't pay the electric bill, it's total blackness
I suggested some incentives for innovation
But that was met with resistance like it's a sin of Satan
I'm losing my patience over here, I'm sick of waiting
And I ain't never expect to be in this situation
And the manufacturing jobs are fading fast
Can't do nothing else, I should've stayed in class
I have to wait till summertime to cut the blades of grass
I have this little bit of money, have to make it last
I have children to feed, I have a loving wife
I had a hard time coming that was nothing nice
I keep asking myself what am I doing wrong
And they just look at me and tell me keep it movin' on

[Chorus:]

Keep movin' on
But I don't know where to go
Nowhere to go
Keep movin' on

[Verse 2:]

It was like '91, '92
I remember people telling us that ain't nobody signing you
There's no Italians or Puerto Ricans that's shining through
Y'all should just go back and just do what y'all was designed to do
We ain't listened to none of that, we hard-headed
We took it back to the lab and then the god set it
We smoked els, drank liquor and we got wetted
And everything we did back then was barbaric
Around '94 had some labels take notice
They said that Stoupe was the illest but that I ain't focused
The label execs needed to be explained openness
And that's around the time I thought that it became hopeless
We was still in the street, D was moving strong
I was failing out of school, it wasn't cool with moms
I was asking myself, "What was we doing wrong? "
And why the industry keep saying to keep it movin' on

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I signed up cause they promised me some college money
I ain't the smartest motherfucker but I'm not a dummy
They told me I would be stationed in places hot and sunny
I had a lot of pride, motherfuckers got it from me
These people over here innocent, they never harmed me
My sergeant tried to convince me that they would try to bomb me
I feel like an outsider stuck inside this army
Everybody brainwashed, American zombies
I ain't realised how much it set me back
Until I lost my leg and then they sent me back
I don't have anything now I'm left with scraps
From a government who created AIDS, invented crack
People told me not to join, I tried to prove em wrong
Now I'm homeless and I'm cold without no food is worm
I keep asking myself, "What did I do that's wrong? "
And the government telling me keep it movin' on

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Monster's Ball Lyrics

I feel reinvigorated, don't fuck with the boss
I'd rather cut my own throat before suffering loss
Anybody fucking with me get hung on the cross
I have anger in me, don't make me summon the source
I go to war with the Glock
I go to war with anybody motherfucker, I'm a sorcerer ock
Fucking everything whether the bitch is gorgeous or not
I murder everything, that's just some of my torturous plot
If you righteous and you under attack
Like the Anbar Awakening and Sons of Iraq
The fifty cal is like a thunderous clap
If you think that you safe and nothing wrong that's a presumptuous act
It ain't no tomorrow, I don't got a dime saved
And if you did it's in the Wall Street crime wave
It ain't nothing worse in the world than a mind slave
Going to war with my people how I define brave

[Chorus]

I'm a monster
Ain't no one can fuck with the kid
I'm a monster
My jail brothers stuck with a bid
I'm a monster
Everything I do is precise
I'm a monster
Pazienza ruin your life

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[Verse 2]

Yeah you know that Vinnie he been nice
Y'all don't belong inside of the ring like you Kimb' Slice
I ain't gonna take all of your skin, just a thin slice
They call me John "The Beast" Mugabi when Vin fights
Vin Laden, Taliban, Hamas, and Al-Qaeda
You a snitch cop lover, you fuck with a traitor
I'm a motherfucking brick you constructed of paper
I dumped the motherfucking clip now you dust and you vapour

I was there when all the planets was born
Before the Continental Drift and when Atlantis was formed
When Gandhi told the Indians to stand and be strong
And took the British out with intellect in spite of their brawn

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Everything Pazienza do is hard body
I don't care if you Blood, Neta, or Godbody
I was devilish before the power of God got me
I just think I let the fucking sword of Allah chop em
Mossberg nine thirty-five is amazing
The Prada high-tops the same colour as raisin
He a rat, not even his mother can save him
That's what you get for being brothers with Satan
The thirty-eight practical, the Glock is for fair
And this for jail brothers something they can knock on the tier
Yeah, I'll stick a knife in your esophagus queer
I'm an animal, every rhyme will demolish you queers
Gas high but you can get the D for a real price
This Sig Sauer 1911 is real nice
I'll stick through the wrist with a steel spike
And now maybe you'll overstand the pain of the real Christ

[Chorus]

Vinnie Paz - Role Of Life Lyrics

(*Prod. by Bronze Nazareth)

Life, this role of life*

[Verse 1:]

This is Rock of Gibraltar rap
The Springfield M14 show you where the coffin's at
You motherfuckers don't belong in rap
Fuck with me you got a better chance taking an abortion back
You lack flavour, put some sauce on that
I went to the Great Wall, put my fist through and walked through that
Where this motherfucker's fortune at?
I'm a levitate his body, make it spin like a Laundromat
Motherfucker I was born to rap
I've been making records wild long, never did a song that's whack
How many have accomplished that?
I was wild as a young boy, shouldn't have put moms through that
Vinnie Paz been to Nam and back
I ain't never put the guns down cousin so my palms is black
You a bitch, I ain't involved with that
I got a big trunk and that's where Vinnie keep all of his corpses at

[Chorus:]
Life, this role of life

[Verse 2:]

Silverback Gorilla walk through the minefield
We don't see eye to eye how you define real
Y'all are wondering if I'm out of my mind still
I just need some liquor and pills and I'm chill
I run with Puerto Rocks, Morenos and vagabonds
And Paz will shoot this motherfucker up like Barrie Bonds
I'm like a military doctor, Vinnie carry arms
My shit is military proper, Vinnie carry bombs
I kick in the door like BI did
And the automatic weapons look like TI crib
Vinnie fat, you'll never see my ribs
I don't call it loading bullets, I refer to it as feed my kids
All I think about is slaughtering y'all
This little motherfucker named Charles Hamilton is harder than y'all
It's in the garbage with y'all
Listen to all you Myspace rappers, I'm a father to y'all

[Repeat Chorus:]

[Verse 3:]

I write in the rain, turn beautiful night into pain
I turn life into a frightening game
I don't have love in me, it's just ice in my veins
My fist Hammer of Thor, I Tyson the game
This rap shit deep in my heart
Y'all was sleep from the start
But that just led to unbelievable art
And on top of that the god is unbelievably smart
My bare fists turn trees into bark
Y'all don't want any improvement at all
Y'all are devils, y'all are torturing the rule of law
My mind is a computer of war
And it's typically the biggest motherfucker that'll usually fall
Give me one take cousin, the god out
A forty of [?] and I ride out
The forty Glock popping your eyes out
Now you never get a chance to see what the god 'bout

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Nosebleed Lyrics

[** feat. R.A. the Rugged Man:]

[Verse 1: ~RA The Rugged Man~]

Ruin your idol, I'm glued to the Bible and my rifle, losing your title*
Instead of shooting you're suing for libel
Everybody hate me cause I stay true to the facts
The Ku Klux Klan hate me more than Jews and Blacks
Yeah, you over for certain, you can pray to whoever
Jehovah, Buddha, Allah, Jesus, Mother Mary the Virgin
Is it the violence that the TV taught us?
I grew up worshipping Charles Bronson, John Rambo, and Chuck Norris
Pazienza the Pazmanian Damien rapping the pain he in
Cracking your cranium, I'm macking mahogany at the Palladium
I'm Bruce Leroy, you Eddie Arkadian
I got the gat and the black [?] Arabian I'm waterboarding like Dick Cheney
And yo back at the first day of my birth
The moment I was born I was condemned by the Catholic Church
Warsaw battling the streets we inhabited
I'm sugar like Ray Robinson, you ain't even saccharin
Leaving you staggering making an impact
New York, we created this rap
This a blatant attack, East Coast we taking it back, c'mon

[Chorus:]

Life is love, death, pain
Hate [?] nothing to gain
Life is love, death, pain
Hate [?] nothing to gain

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

I'm letting this motherfuckers live, it was truly compassion
I'm brutally bashing cause I'm steadily losing my passion
Tell Louie to stab em or to shoot em with two different Magnums
I'm usually packing carry hawks like I'm Julian Jackson
I'll rob em for Gucci, I'm a thief, these are Lucifer's actions
I'm a provider, I'm a messiah, Jesus' assassin
I don't think it's anybody living truly could match this
I slaughter Buddha through the computer, Medusa's companion
A lot of rappers wanna beef with the lion
Ain't too many people that's as fucking lethal as I am
I feast em and fry em, Vinnie so at peace with the violence
I exercise absolute power, peace to the tyrants
I'm old school like quarter waters and eating in silence
You new school like faggot rappers competing for prizes
I'm a send you to the afterlife speak to Osiris
And when he ask you why you there tell him the lethalest virus

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - WarMonger Lyrics

(*Prod. by Fizzy Womack)

[Verse 1:]

My fist enters in your temple like an obelisk*
It's blackness, darkness, abyss of joblessness
Everything you do is small, my shit is monstrous
I murder devils and any of their accomplices
My brain function on other levels of consciousness
My brain function on other levels of pompousness
You're listening to the bass and treble of godlessness
My thirty-eight will spit hate and level the populous
My esophagus breed the evil that just demolishes
Whether or not you're a believer in the Apocalypse
Y'all shit is sweeter than two faggots that's locking lips
It ain't a rapper competing with my obnoxiousness
It ain't nobody that's equal to my accomplishments
The Desert Eagle is legal and it astonishes
The AR15 diesel and blow your mom to bits
It's hard to catch me, I'm Thurman Munson and Carlton Fisk

[Chorus:]

Music is motivation for me to just go insane
Man I see it on paper, I know that I should be caged
And I'm trapped but I escaped it
By trapping in that trap for that paper

Music is motivation for me to just go insane
Man I see it on paper, I know that I should be caged
And I'm trapped but I escaped it
By trapping in that trap for that paper

[Verse 2:]

Y'all know the flow is precise
You don't owe me your life
But that could change one roll of the dice
And then money try to go for his knife
I'm a levitate his body to the sky until he's homies with Christ
Don't even fuck around, son is a goon
Son is bipolar, alcoholic, son is consumed
I breathe life into the sun and the moon
I breathe life into the most barren bloodiest womb
Y'all don't know y'all getting stalked in the shower
Populism is rebellion over corporate power
Politics is just the talk of the hour
It's a matter of time before they hit another office or tower
I don't care, I put the gun to your ribs

And the Desert E big, it'll separate mothers from kids
I walked around from Philly slums to the bridge
Been around the world eighty times, nobody can fuck with the kid
Yeah

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Paul And Paz Lyrics

(*Prod. by C-Lance)
[** feat. Paul Wall and Block McCloud:]

[Intro: ~Charlie Manson~]

I run the underworld, guy*

I decide who does what and where they do it at.

Why am I gonna run around and act like I'm some teeny-bopper somewhere for somebody else's money?

I make the money, man.

I roll the nickels.

The game's mine. I'm the king!

[Chorus: ~Block McCloud~]

Gotta get fetti, gotta get that dough

Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know

We get fetti man, we get that flow

They hate us because we love paper chasing

Gotta get feddy, gotta get that dough

Please don't hate me cause I hustle and it's all I know

We get feddy man, we get that flow

They hate us because we love paper chasing

[Verse 1: ~Paul Wall~]

I'm the man with the plan and them rocks in my hand

In the Cadillac sitting on the fours

I'll do pappy so happy but the haters mad at me

When I come around the corner so slow

I'm the shit where I'm from in the land of Screw

A go-getter chasing after bankrolls

If you're hating don't try it cause I'm waiting so quiet

A player stay up on his toes

I got my mind on paper, not concerned with them haters

Them boys is talking down call me catch up later

See I pull up in that black on black like Darth Vader

Handing bars out the window, serving boys like a waiter

My mind on dollar signs so partner I'm a grind

Gotta punch that clock and paper-chase overtime

That paper is a fool if you put in work

I'm a hustle till I'm under the dirt, I gotta get it baby

[Verse 2: ~Vinnie Paz~]

I'm nice with the ox, you get cut like the raw white

Or hit you with a fucking silver bullet like Coors Light

I could tell a snitch if he don't walk through the door right

I could tell a snitch if he don't handle the four right

The fifth levitate your body to God's height

Flatline, long dark tunnel and saw light
I'm a ride dirty so motherfucker forget the law
Chicken wing, shrimp, fried rice, and the liquor store
It don't take a lot for me to have the pistol drawn
Get popped in front of me, I don't even assist the boy
Y'all are fronting, I don't know what the resistance for
Y'all are nothing, that's why that you keep you distance for
Anybody fuck with Vinnie getting laid to waste
I'm a have your white tee looking like it's tomato paste
You a joker motherfucker Vinnie play the ace
Paul take the thirty-eight snub and rearrange his face

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Bad Day Lyrics

[Verse 1:]

Some people wake up late, I wake up mad late*
All the time hungover, it's a sad state
I love liquor, she my bitch and her ass great
But I don't remember anything from our last date
I wipe the sleep from my eyes and I peep my phone
Twenty texts, thirty calls, just leave me alone
My head pounding like crazy, I need some Patron
That's the hair of the dog, god need a bone
Kiss my mama on the cheek, she look beautiful
(Vinnie you're a mess, what I'm gonna do with you?)
I know you cooking something
(Yeah, I made some food for you)
Managut, bragol, and some brigutte too)
I told you wild times ma I don't fuck with pork
Please pass the lucatelli and a bunch of salt
The phone ring, it's the police but who would've thought?
This motherfucking pig telling me I'm due in court

[Chorus:]

Every time I feel this shit is going my way
Something come along and fuck up my day
I had a rhyme in my mind now there's nothing to say
And cousin that just fucked up my day

Driving down the block someone cut in my way
That shit went and fucked up my day
Rap critics, they always got something to say
I would never let that fuck up my day

[Verse 2:]

I don't know where the fuck I'm at today
I drank a couple of bottles, I guess I have to pay
This bitch laying next me, she look like Cassius Clay
Gotta get outta here before she asks me to stay
I don't know how I got here in the first place
She had a banging body but she had the worst face
I guess I act like an animal, I deserve hate
She must've lured me in with white like she was third base
It ain't hard to convince me to do some dumb shit
Especially when I'm on that get high and drunk shit
That's why Vinnie always end up with a dumb bitch
The only thing I'm never on is on some punk shit
I'm on the other side of town and I'm walking dolo
Panerai watch, Gucci kicks, lots of Polo
Goons ran up on the kid, put the gat to my dome
I was caught slipping, I left the ratchet at home

[Repeat Chorus:]

Vinnie Paz - Washed In The Blood Of The Lamb

Lyrics

(*Prod. by 4th Disciple)

[Verse 1:]

If you listen to me then you know my father was G*
And the apple don't fall too far from the tree
Me and you is different as we could possibly be
Me and you is just different philosophically
I don't think it's anybody as obnoxious as me
I don't think that anybody else could parted the sea
I don't think that you wanna discuss the horror with me
If I was you I'd move a little bit more farther from me
It ain't nobody living more of a sergeant than me
It ain't nobody alive more of a prophet than me
It ain't nobody living possibly rocking with me
On the stage, in the studio, or boxing with me
Every second I'm awake there is a toxin in me
Anti-depressants, Suboxone, Oxycontin in me
Only a stupid motherfucker have a problem with me
Cause he don't know I got the fucking problem-solver with me

[Chorus:]

I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever touches my hand gonna leave enough blood in the sand
I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever fuck with my fam suffering, a motherfucker should scram

I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever touches my hand gonna leave enough blood in the sand
I was washed in the blood of the lamb
Whoever fuck with my fam suffering, a motherfucker should scram

[Verse 2:]

I slaughter anything I get my hands on
Inside the Church of Anton with bloody pants on
I was in the land of Israel and heard ram's horn
I was in the sand with Ishmael and fought the sandstorm
I'm just waiting for the raven to thaw
Cause I don't argue with Mesopotamian law
I submit my will and faith into the grace of Allah
And the Mayan calendar say it's erasing us all
The four-fifth you should see this thing, it's berserk
And y'all are royalty inside a fucking kingdom of dirt
How are y'all original when y'all ain't think of it first?
I just wish I could put everything I think into verse

Vinnie Paz - Drag You To Hell Lyrics

(*Prod. by DJ Kwestion)

[Chorus (2x):]

I'm taking my own life, I might as well*
Guess where I'm going cause the Devil's inside
I'm taking my own life, that's where I'm going
Except they might not sell weed in Hell

[Verse 1:]

See I always have respect cause I always talk fact
The .38 and the 50 caliber hot, black
I always left with nothing but I always brought back
I always been a hustler, I probably go off that
Y'all don't wanna go to work with the boy
There's only two words that describe me: search and destroy
I don't think you wanna get murked by the boy
My shit is military, y'all is like a nursery toy
It's hurting you boys
My team ain't even hungry, we famished
I murder everybody, fuck collateral damage
I'm animal savage with Hannibal's habits
I'll mangle your cabbage
I walked into the parish and I strangled the faggots
I hang with the baddest brothers, put their trust into Jesus
Run with brothers who's forty guzzlers, Islamic extremists
Ugly and ignorant is how they perceive us
I don't care, I'm trying to deal with my personal demons

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

[Verse 2:]

Y'all don't wanna go that route
Broke motherfucker need to throw his throwback out
If you see me drinking something good I stole that stout
If you see me drinking in the hood then roll back out
On the real I don't want no one to bother me, cousin
Rapping just a little fucking bit of part of me, cousin
I'm just trying to have a drink at the bar with my cousin
I ain't mean to be rude, god, pardon me cousin
I stay strapped lord, gun in the tuck
Young boys act wild lord funny as fuck
I scrap southpaw sonning you fucks
Look at you lord on the floor bummy as fuck, what?
My life been defined by death
So I guess if everybody dead mine is next
My father dropped a jewel on me, time forgets

It's not as easily the mind forgets
Y'all know what I mean?

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

[Verse 3:]

Drag you to Hell, I'm evil dead, you can call me Sam Raimi
These motherfuckers want a verse but they can't pay me
 Fuck a funeral home, put em in the sand maybe
Y'all are acting like you're big, like you're mad gravy
 Y'all don't wanna beef with the god
Don't have the brain power to compete with the god
Y'all should retreat from the god before you get turned to meat
 Something to eat for the god, peace to the gods
 I carry heavy shit, big guns, John Rambo
 I'm a spot Russia like Pakistani commandos
How you go to war when you're standing in sandals?
 Now you're dead and your family handling candles
 Don't even call for a truce, I'm about to end this
 Whole motherfucker when I call for the troops
 Reservoir dog walk with the troops
And I burn this motherfucker down to the ground down to its roots

[Repeat Chorus (2x):]

Vinnie Paz - Same Story (My Dedication) Lyrics

[** feat. Liz Fullerton:]

[Verse 1:]

You came into my mother's life at the right time*
More than a step-father, more of like a lifeline
She ain't really had happiness since my pop died
She was living but living is always not alive
And my momma should be treated like a queen
You gave her everything she ever needed like a queen
Probably the most gentle G I ever seen
The love y'all shared I never seen in human beings
Y'all were together twelve years, never no fights
Not even a little argument, that was so nice
Three of us eating dinner together most nights
Working seven days a week, that ain't no life
But never once did I hear you complain
Even when they let you go never hear you with blame
It take a real man to walk through the rain
He was a real man who got sick and fought through the pain

[Chorus:]

I am made of all four corners
All directions without the borders
I am strung so loose together
And you're a thread that holds forever
I'm not nobody's baby
You had your shit too
But you always came through for me

[Verse 2:]

I walked in that morning and knew something was wrong
I tried to talk to you Rock, you didn't respond
I called 9-1-1 and then ran for my moms
Waiting for the ambulance and I tried to be calm
Moms went with you, I stayed and held down the fort
I was nervous, I was crying and really distraught
I was alone by myself, just left with my thoughts
Mommy called, told me that you had a stroke and fought
I ain't seen a hospital since my father died
I don't like it there, memories is locked inside
When I walked inside the room we started to cry
I was just so happy that you was alive
And you told you how much that you hate the hospital
And that they thieves are trying to keep their pockets full
I think I hold myself a little bit responsible
When you was smoking all the time I wasn't stopping you

Nevertheless you came home and that was real
A lot of therapy and doctors gave you lots of pills
You couldn't thrive anymore, you had to stop and chill
And that's too much for anybody that can stop your will
 But you never got back to your norm
 You was proud, didn't want any help from my mom
 I left for tour and you asked me how long I'd be gone
And I could see inside your eyes you knew something was wrong
 I got back mommy told me you was sick again
Couldn't believe that we was going through this shit again
 I love you Rock and I'm always gonna miss you friend
 And for me it's just the same story, different pen

[Repeat Chorus:]

ILL BILL & VINNIE PAZ



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT LYRICS

Keeper of the Seven Keys by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Keeper of the Seven Keys

[Intro]

Yeah, Heavy Metal Kings

Brrrat, brrrat

ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz

Yo C-Lance this beat's monster!

[Chorus: Raekwon sample]

Walked in, both of us looked like terrorists

Walked in, both of us looked like terrorists

Masks on, second floor, dun yo, I handle this

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

When y'all was fucking around with Bush I was running with Saddam

Puffing on the kush and building with the imam

The only thing you motherfuckers set was the alarm

I'm stronger than the motherfucking Tet in Vietnam

Whoever wanna knuckle up will be deformed

Praying to the altar of the church and reading psalms

I don't mean weapons when I say that I'm dealing arms

I chop a motherfucking body up and feed the dogs

Me and BILLY ain't even deities we the gods

You a faggot, we the OGs that's in the yard

Only a select few believe in Fard

The rest gonna meet with Shaitan to bleed and starve

Left hook astronomy, you seeing stars

If I ain't in the studio drunk I be in bars

BILL buck-fifty this pussy and leave a scar

You might own a team, believe the league is ours

[Chorus x2]

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

He was the keeper of the seven keys, eighteen a brick

A hundred and twenty-six thousand in a briefcase, give me my shit

It had the look that said, "I am the power"

The white angel with a scorpion branded across the particles of powder

Martyrs in the tower, owls, apocalyptic hour
Sound of pistol shower, crowning a system that devour
Mysticism shrouded in whispers, profound with an interest
Push a button and blow you up with a bomb from a distance
Like for instance in the parked car across from the precinct
Looking out my window watching your window falling to pieces
Bombing emergency, counterinsurgency, serpents flee
Furnished by me, sponsored courtesy of the murder spree
Using religion, science versus superstition
Came from the future to teach us how we overthrew the system
He lost an eye and several fingers on his right hand
Letterbomb sent to him by unidentified fans
The truth was never revealed, he retired to an island near Fiji
So his past would never reappear
Or so he thought until he caught some unidentifiable virus
They say he has five weeks to live

[Chorus x2]

Eye Is the King by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Eye Is the King

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

My fist is a gun, my fingers is individual pistols
System overload, glitches toe to toe, eye to eye, soul to soul
Walk amongst the lords of war, soldier gore
Calls these invisible walls to fall
Mental slavery, skids a metal prison corridor, cult leader orator
Since I was a shorty y'all busy with the .44
The black flag represent the skull and the guns
It's like selling a MAC-11 to Attila the Hun
The ultimate in cult leaders, adult folk villains
Coke dealings in the champagne room with broke feeling
So fake amongst plastic piranhas
I'mma put you all to sleep in some acid pyjamas
Central intelligence odyssey, mind control biography
MK-Ultra, extraterrestrial sodomy
Way beyond astronomy, double-O like Sean Connery
We walk silently with big silencers violently

[Hook x2]

Everything William Cooper was talking about then is happening now
Malachi York was way ahead of his time too, it's wild
"In the land of the blind the man with one eye is the king"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

My fist is a gun, every finger's an individual sword
You either living with Shaytan or you living with God
I make metal with the cult leader orator
Since I was shorty y'all busy with Bacardi raw
I cock the .44, symphonies by Marley Marl
I would splatter all of y'all, shit y'all never saw before
Vinnie and his dogs of war, bombs the size of soccer balls
Since y'all was inside the walls tortured with the waterboards
Grab him by his throat, take his fucking head and scalp him
I carry black metal like I'm Venom's second album

Support Dr. York, don't believe what's said about him
Strangle non-believers till the fucking redness out him
If we don't like what they saying I guess we have to drown 'em
All they see is the demon lord and death around 'em
I'm made of mercury alloy like I was in amalgam
No matter how you look at it cousin death is the outcome
[Hook x2]

Impaled Nazarene by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Impaled Nazarene

[Intro]

You have seen, you cannot deny it any longer

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Walt Disney was fuckin' Nazi, Illuminati killed Mike Jackson

Barack Obama aware of all their precise action

Look at the dollar bill, they want the fuckin' light blackened

Y'all too stupid and blind to see what might happen

The symbolism from beginning of recorded times

And Hinduism and the spinning of distorted minds

You believe it when the television report the crime

Well I believe that that's irrelevant and falsified

Where was Jesus in the Bible for seventeen years?

He was in Tibet and India and they were his peers

He also lived in the Himalayas and Kashmir

He survived the crucifixion and lived for mad years

They like the idea of war between Arab and Jew

They like the idea of slaughter and massacre too

Knowledge is infinite, it's something you have to pursue

I pray to God on the Shabbat for a pacifist coup

[Interlude]

"To most people who would consider themselves intelligent beings they say; Well that's absurd, what's all this doomsday stuff?"

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Born in the Sudan, raised in America

Aged seven in a new land, raised by the Seraphim

Learned Islam in Mitzrayim

Amongst the pyramids dragged by 'em

From the Nile River later reminisced and drank wine

Return to childhood and crime

Did an upstate bid for three years, out on parole

Now the world is mine

Created his own movement in '69

Nubian Hebrew Mission had arrived, he's alive
Changed his name to Isa Abdullah
Many times after that legally changed his name several times
Level nine, Jackie and The Starlights, made music with passion
Rolls-Royce elegant fashion ready for action
Descendant of aliens from another planet
They said Christ was underhanded
Like King Solomon with many wives
Under marriage many seeds, many heirs to the throne
Ready to die and forever it's told
Similar to this eleven year-old
After being gang-raped at eight memorized the testament scrolls
Front to back he recited the Bible
Word for holy word, Passion of the Christ on arrival
The Branch Davidians took him in then he took 'em over
Claiming the name of David from the book of Jehovah
You'd have thought that he's from Brooklyn
How he had it all sewn up
Till the ATF had him blown up
Out in Waco

[Outro: David Koresh]

"So you know you guys, do it your way, I do it my way. You gonna argue with me, you catch me on the side of the road somewhere, you come and argue with me. You come pointing guns in the direction of my wife, my kids, damn it I'll meet you at the door any time. And I'm sorry some of you guys got shot, but uh... Hey, God will have to sort that out, won't he?"

Children of God by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

Never doubt your God, children singing songs about Jihad
Explosions that blow cars over buildings from afar
We the children of a bloodstained revolution
Gun bang, forever shoot and run fam, get your UZI love thing
Retribution Timberland boots, leather gooses
In the undisclosed black bulletproof with the extra shooter
Bought a box of banana clips from these anarchists
Like Tim Osman commanding the ship on dialysis
More pain more gain, 9/11 was a war game
More enemies, more friends, more fame
Listen to propaganda cock the hammer
We can stop a man but how do you destroy an army that's a phantom?
How do you kill a militia that's invisible?
Mystical, peep what official pistols do, kid we invincible
How do you stop the unstoppable, unkillable?
The salvation of God, now sit back and listen to the song y'all

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I heard children sing Allahu Akhbar in Turkey
One had a Russian AK, dirty Iverson jersey
I don't know if it made me proud or if it disturbed me
I guess it's not as bad as kids being fucked by the clergy
Kufi on, Glock cocked moving through the palace
A dead Kennedy in California Über Alles
I'll drink a quart of virgin blood inside a Buddha chalice
I took the head off a Kennedy from the roof in Dallas
Yeah, I wish that Ron Paul ran again
If not then I'mma have to take the lead like Jeff Hanneman
(Seasons of the Abyss), y'all falling for the trap again
.38 leave your fucking body like a mannequin
Yeah, if BILLY blast at you I blast with him
We don't live in a republic, it's just fascism
The Louvre isn't a museum, it's a glass prison
Fuck a class system, listen to the song y'all

Blood Meridian by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP season begins
Murder murder, killer killer
RIP

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I'm like L'Amours in '85, pull out the sawed-off and spray mine
Lord of Chaos perform the séance, burnt sherm up in the trees
ILL BILL, terminal disease, murder the police
Nuns giving blowjobs, gerbils in the priest
My drug cauldron like Buzz Aldrin, I'll put you in a fucking coffin
And toss you off a cliff with a forklift
I'm awesome, so amazing and so fortunate
So if you fuck with my family, I might have to torture your kids
Cover the most villainous gang with carnivorous ants
Screaming in horror while they rip off their skin with their hands
People pay me over the average nation's loss of default
Forcing baby stroller decapitation corporate recalls
Baptized in Babylon, born to run the landmine marathon
The Lamb of God that killed Camelot
Roaming like a renegade samurai
Sodomania, Romania, who rhymes zanier?
I'm the king of Mesopotamia

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Manowar in '84, my shine is just sick
Legend of the third degree God, Hiram Abiff
Shut the fuck up, give me the drugs, I don't resist
I'm Mike Vick, kill your dogs, lord violent as shit
I walk around with the ice grill, God, y'all can't stop me
Son of a widow of the tribe of Naphtali
Otherwise known as the stone Huram-Abi
Bite the head off of the bat while I chant "Ozzy"
See I'm the lion in the yard
My conduct in unfeigned piety to God
Yeah, all of society is scarred

You talking to the wrong motherfuckers if propriety involved

I'm a mix of Black Sabbath and a Black Hebrew

How could something be so good that's that evil?

I paint portraits of pain from Arafat's easel

The .38 in the waist because the MAC diesel

[Outro]

Murder murder, killer killer

RIP season begins

RIP, RIP, RIP, RIP

Oath of the Goat by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Oath of the Goat

[Intro]

One neighborhood will put their barrio on the wall and then, you know, we come in, write next to it or cross em out and they'll cross us back out. And then it gets into um, you know, maybe a fist fight and then maybe guys will get knifed behind it and then shooting and then someone dies. And you know they might wanna get back at us and if they do get back at us we might go down and kill two of em. Then they'll come back and maybe get one of us and we'll go back and get two or three more. It just goes on and on. It don't stop

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

Homie, you can call me hot furnace

ILL BILL AKA Nocturnus

Walk up to you at point blank range and pop burners

Walk away like nothing happened

Walking while I'm clapping, laughing while I'm talking

Awesome with the Magnum, spasm with the four-fifth, caution with the asthma

The OG kush we smoke will send your lungs into a spasm

Live fast and we die young, a bunch of live guns

Get your mind flung through space and time

When we rhyme run for the hills Iron Maiden, die in pain

Have your entire society rioting

Flipping over cars violently then fiery

The double gun salute, a hundred guns asking, "Who the fuck is you?"

We the top tier, you could get your head popped here

Stop there, we could earth you and nobody would care

And that's deeper than an unborn

In the womb of a prawn at the bottom of the Indian Ocean in the calm

[Interlude]

What's the worst thing you can imagine? And they'll tell me a shotgun suicide. I'll say, okay yeah shotgun suicide. A person hadn't been found for six weeks. They lived in filth, they were a junkie, they had an animal that was eating them for six weeks. That animal died and then we get called

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'll go anywhere I want, I don't have clearance

Carnivore, don't eat anything that don't have parents

I'm Jihadist, I go to war with God-fearers

Elohim, Rosicrucians, and cross-bearers
I don't sign up for war, it's no enlistment papers
My hands fast, they pyrotechnic initiators
I don't have any close friends, just distant neighbors
'Cause I don't listen to Christians or crucifixion wavers
I don't listen to anyone that ain't been to war
I don't listen to anyone if they ain't been poor
I ain't ever going back to where I been before
And I ain't going fucking back to lose, win, or draw
Tell your whole fucking fam Vinnie P a problem
And my four-fifth sick, it got a sneezing problem
It's the Heavy Metal Kings, you know that we a problem
And y'all ain't saying shit, now y'all have a breathing problem, yeah, ahahahaha

Heavy Metal Kings

BILLY Ocean, Vincent Price

Ahahahaha....

Heavy Metal Kings! Rahhh!

[Outro]

Certainly no one wants to be overly-dramatic about it or glorify it, but to be a gang member is to be a soldier in a guerrilla war. For those who fight it the war no less dangerous and bloody than World War 2 or Vietnam. There is no one enemy, but several, and these enemies are not in some distant land or far-away stronghold. They're across the street, down the road, up the hill, around the corner, all around. There are [?] battles, neutralized? combat with large forces, darkened schoolyards, parks. There's night-time bushwhacking and ambushing. The enemy streaking by in cars, guns blazing or taking careful aim from some secure vantage point, or leaping from hiding places with knives, boards, or shanks...

King Diamond by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah! (Yeah, yeah)

Heavy Metal Kings! Brraatt

Yo, BILL, what up baby?

Yeah, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat, brrat!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Y'all should stop rhymin'

I'm a G, hardbody, I am not Common

This is destiny, it's not luck, it's not timin'

And Vinnie staying in the hood like he Top Ramen

I ain't ready for the stage until my fourth quart

I'm the definition of bully, a poor sport

However you want it, we can do it on your court

My sword'll cut your shit in half like it's divorce court

I have G in my blood 'cause my pops had it

The straight left hits hard like it's Scott Travis

I don't fuck with anybody who is not savage

The GSG-5 leave your block ravished

I'm not sick, I control the disease

I got Lamas but not the ones that Napoleon feeds

Even the most protected soldier could bleed

Me and you ain't nothin' alike, we a whole different breed

[Hook: ILL BILL]

Yo, sawed-off or automatic, my aura cause static

Traumatic anarchy volcanic is organic

Heavy Metal emperors, kings on the planet

Bring whores and Xanax, think more satanic

X pills, Vicodins, OCs, powder

Haze, OG kush, diesel and sour

Dust, chews, lucies, turbans, and kufis

Handguns, rocket launchers, shotguns, and UZIs

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Imported Italian leather sofas Valencia

Shooters imported from Chechnya

Put 'em underneath the dirt with the rest of ya

The skull and crown on the sword, four pound on ya boy
'Cause entire crowds to applaud, ten thousand or more
Can never be contained, lyrically deranged, clinically insane
Critically acclaimed, I keep the industry afraid
They've been super nervous ever since we escaped
Goons with burners, destiny betrayed, refuse to lose or ever be enslaved
A picture's worth a thousand words but a symbol is worth a thousand pictures
We never fully understood the symbol found in scriptures
Swastikas spray-painted on the pyramids
Sometimes I feel like we're just an experiment
Gold fronted up top to bottoms, cock the llamas
Mossad, Osama, Jihad, Obama, call me the Skull Head
Like Four Horsemen combined in one warhead
You fuck around I'll detonate and leave you all dead

[Hook:]

The Vice of Killing by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

HAHAHAHA

BRATT!

Heavy Metal Kings!

BILLY Idol, Vinnie Apathy

Listen

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's a burgundy bath, everybody get turned into ash

Bein' evil just something I made my personal task

The G36 put you in surgery fast

Everybody die, regardless who first or who last

Death almost got me twice but he mercifully passed

I'll take your face off without using surgical masks

I wouldn't call it an ego but I'm certainly gassed

This isn't the Desert Eagle but it certainly smash

If I don't get money from rhymin', that's a fateful day

I might have to take it back to the kitchen like Rachael Ray

I don't put no work in with bitches, I'm tryna scrape today

Anywhere in my environment is not the place to play

If I'm hungry, in need of food, I'll pull a skully down

I don't fuck with workers, I'm gunnin' whoever run the town

I got enough clips with me to spit a hunnid rounds

I'm the father of Christ and y'all are just the son of clowns

I don't think that y'all can fuck with Vinnie but let's see

I'mma have this fucking Llama looking like Jet Li

Everybody who is anybody respect me

I'll have you bleeding out your back like it's a jet ski

[Hook: ILL BILL]

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?

Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will

Through windshields, windpipes and car seats

You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?

Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will

Through windshields, windpipes and car seats

You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Brutal tribes indulge in slavery and human sacrifice
The shooters pack devices capable of proving lack of life
With no compassion, ratchet action, flashing, fashion
Blast for cash, assassins faster than The Flash
Amass a body count, surpass the sound barrier
And shattered by the splatter, rattled you
Waking, shake you sober
Gats that kick back and dislocate your shoulder
Decapitate your head and chop you in half, pop you and laugh
Rob you with gats, find you amongst the cowards and fags
Find me holding the rifle on the watchtower with plans
Don't ever underestimate me or the power of Paz
Lock you in the room with the lion, now how would you last?
You can't fight the king of the jungle, he'll devour you fast
Put you underneath the dirt next to the flowers and grass
At the funeral mommas and dads get showered with gats
You kill one of us and we'll kill one of you, counterattack
Thousands of stacks from hustling these powders and cracks

[Hook: ILL BILL]

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie
Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 3: Reef the Lost Cauze]

I fucking pick and peel your chain, Official Pistol Gang
From Kill Devil Hills to Pennsylvain, we be gripping change
You little pencil-brains, before I lose to you
I'll cut my nuts and slit my veins
All y'all do is bitch, complain
Henny and pills, plenty of steel
On the block with fifties and krill, word to Vinnie and BILL
In South Philly for real, my hood is guineas and Cambos
N***as and dirty Irish who think that they SAMCRO

And oh, my fan know the stream, fuck the man yo
Now book 'em, Danno, you ain't Rambo
Don't put twenty in your hand bone when my fam roam
That's when the grams go, soft white
My n***as call it that damn snow
And fuck hip-hop, I got sick pot in Ziplocs
I get from stoners in Cali, rockin' flip-flops
One brand is called Sit-Stop 'cause after one hit
That bitch'll have you dancing with the stars like Rick Fox, yeah

[Hook: ILL BILL]

Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie
Motherfucker, what's really real, really ill?
Run up on you, hit you with Israeli steel, yo we really will
Through windshields, windpipes and car seats
You die on the Belt Parkway next to Canarsie

[Verse 4: Sabac]

Yo, we have walked back together to gorillas and wolves
The illest of goons, the room is filled with killers and booze
Pretty soon we breaking in your office building with tools
Assassinate the CEO for catching feelings and moods
The steel at the moon, got us raising hell on the block
If they manipulate us like a pretty face and smelly twat
Tell me what is power, cash, hand, guns, and hoorah
A brutal task between thieves, priests, nuns, and Korans
I'm on a path that has the cash, has bigger and better things
I've been with veteran medicine men headed to Medellín
Bring the noise and avoid the vicious cycle of prison
It's all poison, Kool G Rap, Michael Bivins
Speed of NASCAR, vroom
Madagascar soon, consume a rock star "Ooh!"
Allahu Akbar boom
Wounded and killed, rumors are real
Israeli steel caught your peoples in the grill
Now the tomb is concealed, yah!

Devil's Rebels by Vinnie Paz

[Sample]

Outside the 83rd precinct station house, members of the Devil's Rebels threatened to kill the police who were holding the three gang members. Some of the police ignored the gang's taunts but others did not...

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I be the triple six OG homie, melt you like cheese on pepperoni
Death to phonies, the resurrection of Tony
Like Dr. Malachi York in his heyday I'm Dre Day
My brains spray like Jeru when he dropped on Payday
My brainwaves are rocket ships and space planes
Better yet freight trains, better yet AKs
Rainy days make me think about my grandmother and my uncle in the jungle
With a bundle and the junkie gets the hunger
When the humble seen the rumbles in the big park
Cats'll run up on you for a parka
My projects was Clive Barker
It was markers, monsters and conquerors
Corner liquor store robberies
Shoot-outs in front of my school constantly
Kicking over displays in the Milky Way, the filthy way
Fuck around you catch a buck-fifty in your face
5714 Farragut, don't ever come around here on no motherfucking faggot shit
Beat you in the face with the ratchet, kid
Leave you resting in peace on some forever after shit
We them Heavy Metal Kings, let the hammers click
Ready to handle shit, we talented homie, hand me that banana clip

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is books of blood, nothing surrounding me but crooks and thugs
Drinking forties, smoking wakata, cooking drugs
My shit harder than liquor that you would put in pubs
I got Sierra ballistics that you could put in plugs
I put my hand on the Bible, lie to the judge
I didn't even mean to be high, but I was
I guess it's just a procedure to ride with my thugs
I guess I'm just a believer in God just above
Yeah, run up on your car for cream
Alauddin on his deen, na'mean?

I ain't fucking with small shit, only thorough heaters
The ice grill get you robbed, Sergio Martinez
Your whole clique a bunch of broads, y'all all divas
Y'all on some Kanye faggot shit, all skeezers
I always handle the rock, y'all all defense
Dim Mak hit your chest, your heart weakens

[Verse 3: Crypt the Warchild]

We critically acclaimed, lyrically we reign
Clinically insane, Heavy Metal King, Official Pistol Gang
I distribute pain, what seems to be the issue, mane?
My main issue is y'all lame, we ain't the same
So we ain't on the same page, we a different book
You's a gimmick, type-gay, that's a different look
Trust nobody, loyalty is forbidden
So when a n***a turn his back, Paz four-fifth him
Everybody rah rah, I just say they talk
But never sneak the fifty on me like I'm AJ Hawk
Killadelph, Pistolvain, let the melee spark
They barely scratching the surface, how they claim they sharp?
Temple of Doom, goon platoon, we just take their heart
Your shit is terrible, your excuse? You claim it's art
My presence in the vocal booth is like that of God
I try to school them but society is brainwashed

Age of Quarrel by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I got the bandana over my face
So it's impossible to identify the father of atrocity
Modern day Agathocles, use modern machines
Topple regimes, we conquerors from Compton to Queens
We build and destroy, tearing this shit apart from the seams
I seen it with my own eyes, I know it's hard to believe
Till you see yourself starting to bleed
Till you see Moses standing on the edge of a cliff parting a sea
Now we watch the severed head of the Statue of Liberty
Being thrown down on the streets of Manhattan literally
Better yet the head of Daniel Pearl
Welcome to a brand new world
NWO new edition like candy girl
My uncle spent New Year's Eve 2008
On Rikers Island half-asleep with a shank
One eye wide open like the CBS logo
With multinational corporate criminals with Polo fits

[Hook]

"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"
"Heavy metal could wet you"
"We be causing a mosh pit like Cro-Mags at L'Amours"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm the Van Allen radiation belt, I'm the thunder clapper
They call me Kenneth Bianchi from what I've done to rappers
Spiritual difference between the son and master
This the Genesis, I only just begun the chapter
Russian AK's, Pana with the polo on
I was rocking that in '88 before your solo song
Do whatever the fuck I want, I know it's wrong
Call me the proper name of God like Jehovah's mom

Y'all motherfuckers got guns, we got an arsenal
Mao said to read too many books is harmful
Mind is from Harvard, my heart is blacker than charcoal
Hold the pen so tight, damage my metacarpals
Y'all should take mescaline tabs, I think it's sound advice
I'm the molecular biology of paradise
I am Satanist, I am Buddha, and I am Christ
I'm Cus D'Amato in '84, I'm Iron Mike

[Hook]

Metal in Your Mouth by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Metal in Your Mouth

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm a motherfucking chainsaw, see everything it remain raw
Why you think we brought Q-Unique and Slaine for?
The same reason that Henry the 8th was king for
The same reason Kaczynski was in the bing for
The thoughts going through Tyson's mind in his ring walk
If it's beef I suggest to you that you bring chalk
Everything is more merciless than a Ming thought
You in county and thought that you speaking bing talk

[Chorus]

I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 2: Q-Unique]

After the game ends I'm blasting from Gravesend
You rapping for gay men, I'm a master of mayhem
Hah, the city's a pool of devils and sin
I give you the tools that'll sever your skin
Slice with the hands of a track assassin
Choking a victim keeping the gat from blasting
I'm hoping and wishing these streets let me stack from rapping
I'm speaking a crack holding a Magnum cannon, Q's glamping

[Chorus]

I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 3: ILL BILL]

I'm ghetto like Strawberry in a limo coping rocks in Queensbridge
Real shit, keep your weapons concealed kid
This is for soldiers that chose to ride, those that died

Logo made of skulls and nines, murderers multiply
Souls divide those that know the road survive, scope the sky
Vultures fly, Desert Eagle chrome collide, close your eyes
It's the hellion, my rebellion retaliate
I'll have the whole New York State aiming at your face

[Chorus]

I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
Ain't no love it seems the devil done stole my soul
I feel how I feel 'cause I was born to kill
The metal in your mouth like you was rocking braces

[Verse 4: Slaine]

I was on a crash course with the cemetery on a task force
Shooting for the skies, I'd do anything to blast off
Rewind it '99 fuck it now fast forward
If I could see today, this is everything I asked for
Back then I had nothing, I could rap my ass off
I'm on a corner spitting raps twisting caps off
Now here I am today, people, see this is what you asked for
Not the man, not the myth, I'm your superhero with his mask off

Terror Network by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Let's face it, someone in the CIA who has commanded wars around the world, sent people off to die which is the, you know, is the ultimate ego trip for a Pentagon type of person. The ultimate power that a human being can have is to send other humans off to die. Not to send just one individual to the gas chamber but send five thousand off to die...

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

When your army approaches my castle
They see the decapitated heads of my enemies
Stabbed and hanging from every branch in every tree
The destiny of the truth is to be hidden
Yet the truth is right in front of your eyes, it's written
Rituals of the forbidden, NERF herders cast spells during Black Metal church murders
Nerds with burners, beware of virgin murderers
Perverted ones, inverted nuns, fun with lysergic drugs
An orgy of the damned in the Church of Love
A thunder clap comparable to the burst of guns
Get your fucking face blown off by the inertia pulse
Murder cult, burn-n-blow, vertigo, hollow tips insertable
Pop your head open like a convertible
A cross between Charles Bronson and Fred Williamson
Fuck with me, car bombings and dead stick-up kids
The Devil feasts upon the souls of cowards
Horrifying like golden showers and exploding towers, listen!

[Hook: ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz]

Stumbled to the end of the tunnel but didn't see light
Machine gun-toting Levites, suicidal Sunnis, exploding Shiites
The holy man swore he seen Christ
And yet still he craves to take his enemy's life
Yo, stumbled to the end of the tunnel but didn't see light
Machine gun-toting Levites, suicidal Sunnis, exploding Shiites
The holy man swore he seen Christ
And yet still he craves to take his enemy's life

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Who built the pyramids in Georgia?
Malachi York and they extort him

They took the fucking facts and they distort 'em
I'm the fucking horseman, I draw a line in the sand
Another order of the Sufis out of Sudan, yeah
That doesn't mean that I'm an honorable man
It means that understanding understood and I understand
Yeah have understanding of Leviathan plan
Have understanding of the dying of man
Y'all gonna push the God, make him turn into a goon
Have me turning into Abraham and worshipping the on
Put a spell on your son, curse him in the womb
Go to Hell with the nuns, they perverted too
Yeah it's only mathematics spit
I speak ancient Greek and Galilean and Arabic
I read the revised Koran, Circle Seven
The God degree inside me and my brethren

[Hook: ILL BILL & Vinnie Paz]

Leviathan (The Spell of Kingu) by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Leviathan (The Spell of Kingu)

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm a fucking warlord, what the fuck is you kiddin?
The gun's always by my side, it's a juxtaposition
I believe in Isa but I don't fuck with the Christian
Ultimate killing machine, I kill puppies and kittens
I kill anybody cousin, why the fuck is you living?
I take mines while you faggots is stuck what you given
I don't envy y'all dirtbags' current position
Eating Crown Chicken stuck on the bus with your pigeon
I kill 'em all with my bare hands or the homie's shot
And fuck around with more grams than Naomi Watts
It's either war with myself or it's a holy plot
John Tardy, I hope that you faggots slowly rot
I hit you motherfuckers in the head leaving bruises
And if the Tea Party win America loses
My hands clean but I still get you touched like masseuses
My therapist told me that working with me is just useless

[Hook]x2

Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas rat to Romans while Jesus slept?
Why is the sky blue? Why is water wet?
Why did Judas rat to Romans while Jesus slept?

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Rebel conflict, military all green
Glenwood Projects, 57-14
Money buys life or death
The best surgeons are the death merchants
Depressed urges lead to confessed murders
My whole family was in the projects
Paint chips we didn't have to eat 'cause Ruthy got wrecked
Pissy elevators, Marcus poured coke out his pockets
11 years old talking about he's hoping to profit

We were the children of foreigners born with the American dream
But then my uncle was a heroin fiend
And there were things that he once assumed that he would never achieve
His legacy has affected people of every creed
Every religion and race, time or place, Earth or space
It's infinite, Uncle Howie Records is the name
I'mma speak my philosophy, you speak yours
I'mma teach my seeds well homie, you teach yours
As I walk through the valley of death I fear no evil
Only the evil hidden in my heart could cause people
To throw prods in your face, even more lethal
Written in all Hebrew, fighting to break the spell of Kingu
Sent to notify the people blinded in their mental
Call me Paul Revere, war is here, listen careful
Orchestrate assassinations and massacres
Kidnap ambassadors, coronate kings, and kill savages

The Crown Is Mine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Crown Is Mine

[Intro]

Yo...

The crown is mine

Yeah, the crown is mine

Yo... Heavy Metal Kings

Check it

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

I'm the numerical value of death

Nine double-M, shower lead and explosives

Powder keg that engulf and devour men

South of Heaven in the mouth of madness

Shouting at the casket, these idiots is drowning in the vastness

My science is accurate

While your favorite rappers be dying by accident

In the closet like David Carradine

Who the last man standing, who survive?

How can a man that stand on top of the water be crucified?

I never been the type to throw stones in glass houses

I'd rather throw lightning bolts and terrorize thousands

Make it happen when I lace the captain

Ran up in the Chase Manhattan

You can't see my face, I'm masking, now taste my ratchet

It's the Cult Leader, the Isa, Mohammed of terror

Every morning wake up and see God in the mirror

The truth-speaker, I'm the universal chronicle bearer

Like Charles Manson being interviewed by Geraldo Rivera

[Chorus]

"The crown is mine—

The crown is mine—

The crown is mine—

The crown is mine"

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is Heavy Metal Kings, hardbody shit, sniffing white
I'm concerned with dying, y'all are concerned with living life
I'm in the Church of Anton while y'all are kissing Christ
You ain't fucking around with BILLY or with Vincent Price
I have love for distance, I am the resistance
I am godly while y'all are just lacking some specifics
I study bullet trajectory, it's my love for physics
Chicken ain't got nothing to do with my love for biscuits
I am cancerous, everything that's around me dies
I am scandalous, everything that comes out me lies
I believe that you got weaponry but I doubt the size
You won't see me on anything, I'm poking out your eyes
A bunch of John Wayne Gacys, fucking clowns
Any of y'all that don't embrace me, knuckle down
I don't fuck with small pay, at least a couple pounds
I don't need twelve to trash y'all, give me a couple rounds

[Outro]

Yeah, hahaha... Braat...
Vinnie Appice! Braat...
Official Pistol Gang! O'Drama Vin Laden!
La Coka! BILLY Idol... We mobbing on you motherfuckers!!
Heavy Metal Kings... Hahahahaha... Pazienza, ILL BILL

Lyrics.lol :: Splatterfest by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's no quality on the mic that I don't have

My hands punch through a rock like an Apollo jab

When I was young I used to follow dad

And watch how he would handle more beef than a McDonald's ad

I'm from a time of Alpina glasses and Diadoras

Fuck around with me your family's gonna need a florist

It's no question who running rap 'cause we the rawest

Hit your head with the thunder clap, you see in Horus

I love my mother to death for giving birth to me

I ain't even seeing red no more, it's burgundy

All these bitches is just birds to me

And hearing of another dead cop quenches a thirst in me

Anything that is godly is the reverse of me

The home of Richard Ramirez is like a church to me

I keep a razor in my mouth, it's like a Certs to me

The way I cut your fucking face is like a surgery

[Chorus]

Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath

What I am, what I want, I'm only after death

"Sons are born and guns are drawn

Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"

Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath

What I am, what I want, I'm only after death

"Is there life after death and if so where we go?"

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Black operation, black tie ritual, black magic

Black carpet event on the Black Sabbath

Black helicopter, black metal, black Magnum

Black Berkowitz in a cell with black Manson

My brain's strange from taking contaminated acid

While you be selling your soul we assassinate assassins

Spray up weddings and funerals, splatter banquets

Bang automatic ratchets and broadcast the transcript
We staring down the barrel of another 9/11
Souls condemned to burn in Hellfire cry for Heaven
Blood money turn the most innocent minds to weapons
Turn children to killers carrying knives in trenches
Selling crack in the rain on the benches with a vengeance
Make a dramatic entrance like the train scene in Death Wish
Spray automatics reckless, leave your brains leaking headless
Pulling out the heavy metal K in broad day and end this

[Chorus]

Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I'm only after death
"Sons are born and guns are drawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"
Nothing's sacred anymore, take your last breath
What I am, what I want, I'm only after death
"Is there life after death and if so where we go?"

[Outro]

"And then blood floods the lawn
Throwing a body on my lawn
Clips are fully loaded and then blood floods the lawn"

The Final Call by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Houston police say that the CIA and the FBI both say that Carnaby never worked for either agency, but his family tells a very different story, saying the 52 year-old spent about thirty years serving his country"

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

Ayo the pilot had his gun drawn

Like when the shoe-bomber Richard Reid bit that stewardess' thumb off

You're done for

When you die, you go to Heaven, till then welcome to Hell Spawn

Celtic Frost at the Felt Forum, I'm never wrong

Stop acting tough, smart criminals can steal more money

With laptops than with a mask or a gun

Intelligent, relevant heretic, elegant terrorists

Presenting death sentences with malevolent eloquence

Label you larger than Hajj and spark a Jihad

Adolescent martyrs in mosques, the Sunnis? are bombs?

While the lords of war barter their arms

Concentration broken by the sound of fight jets barking at God

Gat shooters they snatch AKs and chains

My shooters snatch planes and cause international mayhem

In the mountains of Caucasia

Caught four Pagans in an orgy with lord Satan

Onward the war rages

[Chorus: ILL BILL]

I'm surrounded by hatred and lust

Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts

Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs

Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs

Design wars, it's the final call

I'm surrounded by hatred and lust

Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts

Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs

Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs

Design wars, it's the final call

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Phony money and economics

That's the shit predicted by the prophets
Black guns, Black Helicopters
What is the connection between Jesus and the Shriners?
What is the connection to the virus and Osiris?
That's why the gun is always on the hip
I learned to never sleep on Devil and to come equipped
I don't never speak on nothing, always button-lipped
Whether it's why the sun exists or if it's rugged shit
Y'all are devilish and Vinnie move with God power
I called Bill, told him meet me at the God hour
It's never been a question whether or not I'm star power
The only question is whether or not the God's sour
Yeah, in other words sick of the Amorite
Reverend Dr. Malachi Z. York had it right
Dealing with sound right reasoning and acting right
Teaching people how to handle ratchets and a hatchet right

[Chorus: ILL BILL]

I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
Angels and dust, cocaine and sluts
Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call
I'm surrounded by hatred and lust
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Dangerous thugs, blaze you with guns, lace you with drugs
Murderous cyborgs disguised as blind men with guide-dogs
Design wars, it's the final call

VINNIE PAZ

GOD OF THE SERENGETI



Vinnie Paz - Shadow of the Guillotine Lyrics

[Intro:]

I have heard the young men of Judah. They acknowledge me king
As for you, you thought my father's yoke was heavy, wait until you feel mine
You thought my father's taxes too high. Mine will crush you
How dare you speak out against your lawful king?
My father chastised you with whips. I shall use scorpions!
I am your king!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I stand on top of the mountain, I was a born rapper
The house of the Holy Spirit, another long chapter
Untouched glory of God, a strong factor
The nine laws were bound together from salms after
The Smith & Wesson rubber grip made my palm blacker
You're not a MC, pussy, you're a reformed actor
Your whole fam is fucked up [?]
The chemical wedding of Christ where the gods gather
The weapon of the dead gods was a thorn dagger
Every verse, every surah in the Qu'r'an has a
'Nother scripture, another picture was drawn blacker
Arabize curtis legacy, the storm catcher
The fucking MC you don't wanna perform after
The seventh son of the seventh son of his law passer
Mercy prevail over wrath from Imam ladder
16 bars similar to God's rapture

[Verse 2: Q-Unique]

They tried to stop me at every level and stress me and send me devils
I press 'em like Chevy pedals and shred 'em like heavy metal
Whenever [?] for a minute of the spotlight
Your raps is a gat spitting it ain't shot right
I caught some spitting shots to your brain cell
So you and George Zimmerman can rot in the same hell
Capital cue, stand at odds with the metal ready
And level the playing field with the God of the Serengeti
Keep your enemies close enough to never fall
The victim of a death plot, keep afar and get shot
Decapitated heads drop and fall down a flight of stairs
Like Apocalypto sacrifices, I wrap the stack prices
Like Apple Mac devices, it's real brutal
And got that rock steady seal of approval
I pray to the heavens, he pray to the east
And on the Sunday San Gennaro we parade to the feast, minkya!

Vinnie Paz - Slum Chemist Lyrics

[Verse 1]

Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by
My blood's g-code, never seen my dad cry
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why
You're arms too short to box, god — that's why
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie
Send them to the devil let his ass fry
Heavy metal on another level that's high
I self lord and master from past tribe
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes
Reincarnated rap from a past life
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5
You asking for forgiveness — you should ask god

[Hook x2]

It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

[Verse 2]

This is 45-caliber flow
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know
I'm ravenous though
Jack you with the ratchet for dough
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap
If you got the army gear then you need the boots
If you talking about an army then you need the troops
Its all war over here I never seen the truce
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe
This here this the duffle that I carry bones
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Homes
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home

[Hook x2]

Vinnie Paz - The Oracle Lyrics

[Verse 1]

Listen, I like that yall consider me the bad guy
Big guns everywhere bullets where I pass by
My blood's g-code, never seen my dad cry
And I'mma bleed your block 'til the cash dry
You live in fuckin Babylon and ask why
You're arms too short to box, god — that's why
So watch a big mouth turn into a cracked eye
Watch a big house turned into a smashed tie
Send them to the devil let his ass fry
Heavy metal on another level that's high
I self lord and master from past tribe
I let my young boi trash you from bad vibes
Reincarnated rap from a past life
I drink a 40 of idiot then I grab syze
For every 100 burners copped Vinnie stash 5
You asking for forgiveness — you should ask god

[Hook x2]

It's Vinnie P, I'm the biggest dog in the yard
It's Vinnie P, ain't no one could fuck with the god
It's Vinnie P, you should never fuck with the monster
It's Vinnie P, you crash like la-la-la-bamba

[Verse 2]

This is 45-caliber flow
Pound my chest like a gorilla so all the other savages know
I'm ravenous though
Jack you with the ratchet for dough
Marques de sade a painful sadomasochist flow
We tapping your ho, and keep the biscuit where I piss at
Pussy bwat bitches asking where this faggot dick at
I ain't never left the fucking crib without the gizzat
Ain't nobody above a homicide or a kidnap
If you got the army gear then you need the boots
If you talking about an army then you need the troops
Its all war over here I never seen the truce
I'm calling Maserati Mazi I don't mean to coupe
This here this the duffle that I carry bones
Pistolvania most underrated since Larry Homes
I run with a bunch of Ricans and they carry chrome
Here's a body bag to put the pussy that you carry home

[Hook x2]

Vinnie Paz - And Your Blood Will Blot Out the Sun

Lyrics

[Intro]

It's the God of the Serengeti, I'm the God of the seven deadly
Immortal Technique, Poison Pen, what up?
G.O.D. Jus Allah, Tony Kenyatta, what up baby?
Listen, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Supreme Godhead, gutter like poverty
Righteous man is one of forty six parts prophecy
It's epicyclical orbit like the hypotheses
It's metaphysics and borders on the philosophy
Another song of yours is just another disaster
Another verse of mine is just another cadaver
You could call it a Genesis of another chapter
You could call it the venom that's from the troubled rapper
The same rapper that was known for just smashing your face in
Who is God? What's material manifestation?
I'm indestructible, my actions are that of a Mason
Yamasee Native American tribe of relations
The judge shoot a book at me, I take it and blood
The rook move horizontally, basically drugs
A nation of intellectuals, a nation of thugs
Jesus is hate, a nation of Satan is love!

[Hook: Poison Pen]

With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?
So what's crackin? So what's stackin'?
If we falling out, then we brawling out (Team Homi)
Vinnie chalk 'em out (Team Homi) ain't nothing to talk about
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?
(Yo what's happening?) It's all that shit...

[Verse 2: Immortal Technique]

Me and my conglomerates shall survive Apocalypse (Yes!)
I charge a price for telling people what the process is
Living in a world where dictatorship is obvious (Word)
National resources running out for the populous
Murder doesn't need a lobbyist or an ambassador
Ask the survivors of the My Lai massacre (Damn!)
'Back to the Future' without the flux capacitor
Kill you for the gold like Colonel Gaddafi characters
You bath salt sniffin' zombies fuckin' a stranger (hahaha)
Navajo skin walkers, nigga, I'm a face changer

Surgically remove your heart, bury it at Wounded Knee
A microcosm of the graveyard that Earth is soon to be (Yeah!)
A eulogy for those chasing cars and jewellery (And...)
I'm stocking food and water coz shit ain't what it used to be
I'm motivated like Buster Douglas when his mother died
Border Patrol, nigga, see you on the other side!

[Hook]

With a fist full of twenties, got my mind right
With a fifth full of henny, we Team Homicide
We swing side to side, so what's happening'?
So what's crackin? So what's stackin'?
If we falling out, then we brawling out (Team Homi)
Vinnie chalk 'em out (Team Homi) ain't nothing to talk about
Team Homicide, swing side to side, so what's happening'?
(Yo what's happening?) It's all that shit...

Vinnie Paz - Last Breath Lyrics

[Hook]

I'm livin' on my last breath
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes
Stumble as a back step
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe
I'm livin' on my last breath
It's all final when it's final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

[Verse 1: Baby Pun]

Until my last breath, I hope my hustlers fully accessed
Past tense to my regrets I hope y'all all in ?
Married a girl with a accent, carried this world tilted axis
Make some major changes and some statements til I'm ashes
And placed in hour glasses
So you can turn me upside down and watch as time passes
Drugs are bad habits, before I'm in that casket
And the happiness I'm searching for, I hope I grasp it
And I hope I fully grab it, and never take for granted
All the looks little things in life and still believe in magic
Look back at all my fans I know that I made them drag hits
And I hope I never look for love I hope that it just happens
And if I have kids, I hope that it was stressful
But worth it in the end because they all became successful
And I hope my last breath is something truly breathful
I wish I could have said much more before I died and left you

[Hook]

I'm livin' on my last breath
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes.
Stumble as a back step
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe
I'm livin' on my last breath
It's all final when it's final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Until my last breath, I have death before dishonor
I welcome drama, with open arms and holdin' a llama
The whole persona is vodka bottles and marijuana
The whole meñana was rockin inspired for my mama
I'm a warrior, I went into jail for the drama
I'm the story of the terrorist son of Osama
I would never want to have birth and fail as a father
I would never want the illest to kill the manana
The half moon on the bank of the river's devotion
That's the stab wood born from the killer emotion

I wasn't raised by darkness, militant motion
I wasn't raised by the thought of the still in the ocean
I would never question the power that God paid
Until I saw his body the color of dark rain
He recited the third chapter of Allah lane
And he ignited the third chapter of Allah flame

[Hook]

I'm livin' on my last breath
Hit a fork in the road and the devil occupies both lanes.
Stumble as a back step
Feel the pressure on my soul as the airs leaving out my frame
Now breathe, breathe, breathe, breathe
I'm livin' on my last breath
It's all final when it's final when you fade into a blacked-out dream

Vinnie Paz - Crime Library Lyrics

Chorus

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]
Send 'em to Allah kingdom pistol grip pump rap
It's like music to my ears when the gun clap
You a stupid mafucka here a dunce cap
Shoot you in the fuckin' stomach where ya lunch at
I ain't listenin' no more cuz son rap
I'm like bustin' inside a rubber I come strapped
Ya'll wanna hear a fun fact? (you wanna hear somethin' funny?)
My guns is heavy on the scale god dumb fat
Where the Mossberg where the dumb dumbs at
93 million miles away from where the suns at
I'm jimmy nine times cousin you a dumb rat
I put you in the back of the ac wit pun mac
I'm a grown ass lion you a young cat
Pred 'em up better hope the ambulance come stacked
Take the shotty off the gun rack
Toss his body on the ground like when Charles Bark son shat

Chorus

[Verse 2: Black Poet]
Wild motherfucka since birth get hurt
Whose first I blood thirst, shoot up ya hearse
It's insane lemme explain the pain
I came deranged supreme hammer damage your brain
Highly flammable, easily slayin' you
I do what I came to do, your hood should be ashamed of you
Blaq Po murder motherfuckas up
yo what the fuck is up
I don't care what they say you fuckin' suck
The black monster go harder
Spit pure lava
Word to the father
Don't make me show up at your crib wit' the pump
I could find out where you live where you from
But you not a threat, you puppy dog harmless
Tale between ya legs when I start to bomb shit

Chorus

Vinnie Paz - Feign Submission (Interlude) Lyrics

Any time I pull the hammer, it's usually Glock
It's usually cocked, it's usually for shooting a cops
I'd like to say I'm sober but I'm usually not
Usually at the bar with bitches, they salute me a lot
And they like to argue whether they got groupie or not
Tell me that to get intellectual and school me a lot
Listen bitch, I ain't checkin' if you stupid or not
You just barkin' up the wrong tree, move it or stop
I was reading Nabokov, while you was groovin' to pop
I was selling Nickelbacks an was a student of Pac
I was watching Kubrick movies, I was [?]
Had to lie to my mama, wasn't truthful a lot
You was stupid [?], deuce-deuce was a [?]
And I never thought a whole bottle of goose was a lot
You decide if I'm drunk of that I'm lucid or not
I just know that I'm smarter than you when the proof [?]

[Hook x5: Block McCloud]
Tim-tim-tim - Pazienza da ruler
Tim-tim-tim - and y'all just haters

Vinnie Paz - Duel to the Death Lyrics

VINNIE PAZ (Verse 1)

"Can't nobody fuck around with V.P.,
Or else you gonna find yourself D-E-A-D,
Y'all ain't gotchyour eye on the prize, you can't see,
'Cause I ain't really livin' my life for plan B,
If anybody brave enough to come against me,
Gonna find your body in the bottom of the Dead Sea,
How dare you ever in your life walk past me,
Widout acknowledgin' this man as G-O-D,
I always been here, always been deranged focused,
The heat is always in my hand like chain smoka's,
Hard work, dedication and sustained dopeness,
Bust a mo'fucka's head 'til his brain opens,
Stay cookin' in the kitchen like we hasta frito,
I was always smokin' wakata wit poppy people,
I ain't never doin' anything that's not illegal,
Read the Torah Lord, black mask, black evil."

HOOK (x2)

"This is Duel to the Death, this is murder, death, kill,
Stay real, because the sun can't chill, M-O-B-B,
Ain't nobody play around, Vinnie P., P.,
Fuck around, lay around."

HAVOC (Verse 2)

"I'll have you laid out, Posturepedic,
Before the day's out, somebody gon' be layin' bleedin',
Keep fuckin' wit me, bring it to the darker side,
Where the wolves play and nuttin' butchya karma lie,
You get it back 10 fold, yeah, I'll do you dirty,
I'm in my dirty dirties, that mean I'm past the worry,
I got it mapped out, every plan hashed out,
Perfectly executed, squeeze 'til I'm fresh out,
I got Goonies, all they do is stick they neck out,
For a nigga 'cause his loyalty and nuttin' less,
And when it's on you know they got the toolies on deck,
Whatchyou lookin' at boy? You ain't a boss yet,
Infamous, yeah we celebrate life,
Pour liquor for the dead, kill niggas on sight,
When they get beside they self, we run up right upon 'em,
Leave 'em where they standin', pour some fuckin' liquor on 'em."

HOOK (x2)

"This is Duel to the Death, this is murder, death, kill,
Stay real, because the sun can't chill, M-O-B-B,
Ain't nobody play around, Vinnie P., P.,
Fuck around, lay around."

PRODIGY (Verse 3)

"Let me start from the beginin' at the top o' the lis',
First off, nobody can do it like this,
No matter how hard you try, hard you go,
No matter how hard your beats, ill your flow,
Can't fuck with P, yeah this we know,
I'm not a rapper, I'm a master o' ceremonial, gatherin's at venues that's jam-packed,
Fuck Rap, I'm in it for cream and that's that,
Try ta stop my dough, I'll run you off the map,
Try ta stop my life, I'll blow you outchya hat,
The most thuggish, the most ruggish,
The most A.K.A.s you heard of, is,
Bandana, banana clip R.I.P.,
I can't help it, my career don't cease,
My name don't wear out, I go on foreva',
That other shit a passin' fad, it won't eva'."

Vinnie Paz - Problem Solver Lyrics

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

My heart cold like when the sea was frozen
Drug supplying and hold the iron like hemoglobin
Catch a body on whichever fuckin' beat is chosen
Murder the church, left the fuckin' cathedral open
Throw a left hook to the ribs leave em broken
Box game levitate 'em so that Jesus know 'em
Walk with God so everyone in Medina know him
Y'all are casual rappers I have a deep devotion
Speak when spoken to, bitch, you just a snake snitchin'
The D supplying, the fiends higher then Blake Griffin
I don't wanna hit the bitch but the dame trippin'
I call the shot on who move the rock like Lane Kiffin
I changed labels but implemented the same system
I had to walk through the fire so I could gain wisdom
I see life through the same eyes, same vision
The watch five figures, lord, and the chain glisten

[Hook]

If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem
And the problem is that I'm a motherfuckin' disease
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out
I always got the problem solver with me
Makin' money over here makin' money there
Seein' places you could never possibly see
My crew thick I don't give two shits
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

[Verse 2: Scarface]

I rap like there ain't shit to it I just do it
Light you simple niggas and check they ass when they sewage
Fuck you if you can't take a joke, shit
Smoke this. You broke bitch. Lack of focus get your nose bit
Light that ass up then I send you
On a mission impossible take flight with my pencil
As I enlighten you with shit I done been through
The complicated I done make it look simple
With one squeeze I leave they head with a dimple
And leaky like an old fat bitch on her menstrual
You rap style humble I'm still standing
As hard as they been making them these days I cans till win
Why the fuck you think they call me an OG?
The way I handle biz is nothing short of unholy
I'm ghostly on the block with my top up
Pistol in my lap you shot wrong you gettin glocked up

[Hook]

If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem
And the problem is that I'm a motherfuckin' disease
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out
I always got the problem solver with me
Makin' money over here makin' money there
Seein' places you could never possibly see
My crew thick I don't give two shits
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

[Verse 3: Vinnie]

The knife work nice, all day gentle carver
And I stay on point like a pencil sharpener
Matter fact, I'm on point like Tibetan archers
Move weight legislate like extended caucus
And I know how the game should be locked up
I know all the dope fiends veins will be popped up
I know that y'all claim to be stocked up
Gun work nice, all your brains will be mopped up
This beef rearrange your face like collagen
Cook jums on the same pot my mamma pasta in
I don't play games I just rock your chin
You fuck with cops? I never let the impostors in
See Vinnie give you a whole clip
I'm an artist, blood decorate the whole shit
Got knocked, almost did a bid in '06
I'm smarter now, that's why I conquered this whole shit

[Hook]

If you wanna problem, Vinnie is a problem
And the problem is that he a mutha-fuckin' disease
I would never hesitate to pull the pistol out
I always got the problem solver with me
Makin' money over here makin' money there
Seein' places you could never possibly see
My crew thick I don't give two shits
You can suck my dick you should probably flee

Vinnie Paz - Battle Hymn Lyrics

[Verse 1: Apathy]

I travel underground, like the Goonies, with a bag full of uzis
Emerging in a corner store where Arabs sell loosies
My banger's on the waist, I never wave it around
But I always chamber a round when there's strangers around
Set my phaser to kill, my force field is on max
Never relax, study the facts, and stockpile gats
Cause the sky's about to bleed blood out from the clouds
This gas mask's in my backpack when walking through crowds
The post-apocalyptic, optic fitted, with bionic circuitry
Surgically planted perfectly, no way to word it verbally
But extrasensory perception got me detecting
Any cop or detective, intercept them, and stop them with weapons

[Verse 2: Crypt the Warchild]

Don't hit me with the drama, don't approach me 'bout no B.I
Cause I'm a Pharaoh king, and y'all ain't worthy of a reply
Bodies I've caught decomposing on the seaside
Catch me river dancing through the bloody waters, knee-high
Mind state is cut throat, can't walk around deprived
My team shut it down, and they access will be denied
Crown royal status Puerto-Ricans, that's how we ride
Nocturnal foes mesmerized by the streetlights
One shot at glory, game will never give you three tries
For the haters I've murked, they would love to see me die
Acid tripping vision, everything look hi-defy
Drugs, money, liquor, only things that get me by

[Verse 3: Jus Allah]

I got a lot of hate, I got to learn to love, stop the date
But some days I would rather murder the populace
Either way, I gotta open up the cosmic gates
Who knows what the future holds, gotta watch and wait
I can't function clear, keep a ton of guns and beer
I never sweat it, I get arrested like once a year
My gun big as two guns, you should cover your ears
Believe half of what you see and nothing you hear
Nobody listens, I got a lot of ground to cover
Bullets go in one ear and out the other
Tucked the weapon in, kicked his face
In the blood pool like give him a taste of his own medicine

[Verse 4: Esoteric]

Impeach the president, I'm pulling out my ray-gun
Chuck D's greatest line and y'all ain't even thank him
Y'all ain't on my radar, horrible like Hagar
Mos Eisley's flow, beats banging on the space bar

Haters get mad, start banging on the spacebar
Flip over the desk, ought to take it up with HR
Your bitch give Bad Brains, like she work for H.R
I be where the rays are, you wonder where the weights are
I'm a cannibal, you cats wonder where the plates are
I know that I'm immortal why you wonder where the gates are
I Cold Crush your Brother like Grandmaster Caz
Paz work with the .45 like Lakim Shabazz

[Verse 5: Blacastan]

I'm from the East Coast nigga, but I'm still loped out
I grew up inside the crack-house, my moms was smoked out
You know the kid with the bummy kicks, holes in his jeans
Same shirt, chilling on some bummy shit
Yeah, that was me though, attracted to the metal like Magneto
Sneakers started talking like ay bandito
Got my own never borrowed or begged for shit
Now it's on cause I'm rolling with the Pharaohs legit
Tired of rappers always rhyming that bullshit
Catch at you at your CD signing, with a full clip
Now, how you feel about the Pharaohs and the Demigodz?
That's what I thought nigga, because we large and in charge

[Verse 6: Celph Titled]

Keep shooters on stash, move and they blast
Refugees that came on an intertube with a gat
Rubix Cuban ?, but you will respect the handle
Spin checks on Windex so I shine the chrome enamel
I throw hands with the devil so ain't much to fear after
Bitches cry over me, I'm a top tier rapper
American Idol with a wet wipe for you desperate housewives
Firecracker go off from my brick, the whole house white
And I will outright say that you sorrow
I write your favorite writer that you base your style off of
I'll let the Tec blast in ya, if the check cash finish
Shells give you a turtle-face, make ya back splinter

[Verse 7: Planetary]

Sittin with the semi automatics,
Sippin henny In the attic,
Spittin heavy with the god of the Serengeti blast it,
Fast it,
Till I downloaded de attachment,
The huger came back and I'm eatin like a savage,
Walkin through the laberith,
Imagining the snazerith,
Throwing more stones at the throne lone catalyst,
Puff puff, acid,
that ain't never been me I only had the urge to annihilate the MC,
You should ride the 10 speed to cop the top 10 sneaks,
Never thought I'd be in Buddhas best Countin 10gs

Vinnie Paz - Geometry of Business Lyrics

[Verse 1 — Slaine:]

Make room for the heavyweight villain with foul language
Formally known as low-class but now I'm distinguished
Hold that, corner to corner no room for foreigners
Coroners performing their craft daily
There's a war and it's morbid
Twenty-four and it's ease to close at his own wake
Our chest plates, filled with ice cold hearts that don't break
Respect my g's, fouls and rejects
Respect those bullets bloody bullies battle for respect
Any cities up inside of this northeast corridor
We sported quarters of raw imported all from Florida
Now the whole block's flooded with cut coke
We don't stop leaving youngins gutted, it's cut-throat
Sometimes I'm rolling dolo in a stolen polo
But I'm still true to my crew I'm never going solo
All these cold winter nights that keep the ice in my blood
I'll spill the guts out this bitch and ditch a knife in the mud

[Hook 2x — Vinnie Paz:]

It's Pazienza, Coka, goon music listen
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in
Vinnie P. put the key in the ignition
When we get back lord, we shine and glisten

[Verse 2 — Vinnie Paz:]

Respect my G, ya'll sound nervous
Respect everything that I do or found murdered
Y'all servants, y'all blind without purpose
Stay high walking with guns without permits
Snake bite came in my life with foul serpent
Amaryte blind from birth lord, he worthless
All of y'all signs of ignorance is earthless
All of my mind is viligance and churchless
I don't want to splash Ack 'cause Allah made him
And I don't want the faggot P.O. to violate him
AR-15 big it'll annialate him
You ain't ever gonna eat this is starvation
Try to sell wolves chicken, feed Allah bacon
Try to bite the hand that feeds y'all, violation
Pussy boi get spotted like dalmatian
Look for God in wrong place so he found Satan

[Hook 2x — Ill Bill:]

It's the Coka Nos', Louie Dogs, murder music listen
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in
Cult leader put the key in the ignition

Bottle in my lap, full throttle twisted

[Verse 3 — Ill Bill:]

I'm like an exploding bullet in a clip

Like a rocket cracking a capsule

Like a lack to see planets that travel backwards through black holes

Run towards conflict, play with dissipation

Guns talk constant, slave in civilization

So we walk like Egyptian pharaohs worshiping sun ra

Walk up to your window with the barrels and dump shots

Buck four in your lung, slumped over in blood

Stuck over some crumbs, fucked over and done

I teach a crash course in brain surgery

So I don't need no passports to orchastrate murder sprees

Show you nothing changed, more than when the casket drop

I'll blow your fucking face off like maskatron

Pop you while you're driving make you crash your car

Drop acid, yeah, tell you who to drop the acid on

Look what the uzi do, empty fuse and anger god

Shoot your funeral, tell me who to drop the casket on

[Hook 2x — Slaine:]

This is Slaine homie goon, chasing goon music listen

This is the only pot I ever had to piss in

The odds against me I'mma fight with my own hands

These are the words I've been writing as a grown man

Vinnie Paz - Jake LaMotta Lyrics

[Verse 1]

I'm running round the globe havin the time of my life
Its no others its my brothers and we shine every night
I ain't makin any moves unless the timin is right
And my objective is to have my mother shining in ice
I roll 4 5 6 on the grind with the dice
And just stay away from vinnie thats my kindest advice
I Mike Tys verse big lord I'm dyin to fight
I drink drugs smoke alcohol my mind isn't right
Eternal sunsine of the spot I'm just mindin my site
I knock buildings over like I was Osama on flights
I would dream about Jordans I would die for the Nikes
We ain't had the money but my mother buy me the Nikes
You see I'm mean real mean like how Ghandi was nice
I hustle hard real hard with the china that's white
I don't fuck with y'all, you simply garbage on mics
I would kill myself pray give my father his life

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

See I was born in the killin fields
It took me a while to manifest how I really feel
I'm from philly automatically a bigger deal
I was always with a lynch mob chilly chill
See its a brand new funk that was willy will
I love rap its always been my auchiles heel
Merkin another rapper well thats a silly kill
I just tell the pussy back off really chill
I live in gun land, home in 9 milly vill
And I'm a pun fan greatest rapper really ill
I don't judge music, whatever you feel you feel
I make drug music whatever you deal you deal
Smoke I's wakaton I will a real build
I got a brother thats a g he will really pill
I'm an ape I'm a monkey I'm guerilla willed
I got hate I'm a junky I'm a killers thrill

[Hook]

(PARAPPARA PARAPPARAAA
PARAPPARAAA I'm shining
PARAPPARA PARAPPARAAA
PARAPPARAAA I'm grinding) X2 (Lol)

Vinnie Paz - 7 Fires of Prophecy Lyrics

[Intro: Eric Kelly]

We minding my business and leave me yours alone

We talking about me your job is on the camera motherfucker

Hey look at this motherfucker right here in the back. Look. Look. Look at this motherfucker right here in the back

Look. Look at him uppercut. Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut! Look at the uppercut!

Look lo lo lo look at the uppercut right there! Hey! Hey, do the uppercut again! Do the uppercut again
"Is it good or bad?"

Terrible. Like the worst thing in the world

Hey it's a job, you know what I mean? And especially in America having a job is a blessing and doing something you love is a blessing even if the people are miscreants

Yeah you's a fucking wuss. You know what I mean? You couldn't last a day in my shoes

A lot of these cats I wish they'd just forget the address to the gym

You know everything is not for everybody. You don't see me going in motherfucking Wall Street picking up a fucking briefcase trying to type do you? Cause that's not what the fuck I do

I beat the fuck out of people. You know what I mean?

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Flow is tsunami, bulletproof Bugatti

Arab Nazi spraying a semi out a Ferrari

Crash Maybach Music, smash Aston Martins

Cops turned rappers, y'all niggas is targets!

Regardless, I'm the hardest to wannabe martyrs

Chest game weak, niggas need to move more smarter

Art of war is mastered, my thoughts be the realest

Military intelligence, hood under surveillance

Armed up like they got beef with the government

Hood shit, ghetto apostle, live covenant

Move like the niggas that's facing Capital Punishment

Jedi, Militant Minds is who I run with

Queens where the villains meet, killas with illa heat

Lifers with blood in they eye, saying they feeling me

Naturally will only be me, one tragedy

Kuwait Majesty, stay tuned, witness the faculty

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Come on lord don't make me load the pump

The Mossberg have you taking shots like the local drunk

My trigger finger itch like I ain't had a smoke in months

I land a left-right-left before you throw a punch. (Left, right left!)

I was sent from God in case Jehovah fronts

I'm the explorer in the Torah I was chosen once

Put you in the corner you a lonely dunce

I been rhyming since Phyllis Hyman and golden fronts

And y'all don't wanna see the heat melt

The strap go click and I ain't talking bout a seat-belt

Y'all could never feel the pain that we felt

Pops died, watch my mother cry, think how she felt!

You in México, fuck around with Federale

I ain't hard to find, look for the severed bodies

I come from a culture where we treasure Gotti

Sono Italiano, we, rebel Gotti!

Vinnie Paz - Cheesesteaks Lyrics

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

A knife in my palm, sharper than a sniper in Nam
Righteous Islam, a hypocrite that fight to be calm
My life is just torn, bipolar, icy and warm
My life in a song, the reason why the Vicodin gone
A bison is born, army of God, Michael is born
The Uranium fission secret of the hydrogen bomb
The Bible is gone, ya'll are watching a viking perform
And the 9 milli loud so the silencer's drawn
I'm live from the war, I don't believe in crying at all
I'm a manic depressive, never get excited at all
I'mma live forever, don't believe in dying at all
I was born peaceful, I was never violent at all
Then my father died, that was like a knife through my core
Any love I had inside me not alive anymore
Lion of war, Joseph Dredd, I am the law
I'm the reason faggot rappers can't thrive anymore
Yeah!

[Hook: DJ Eclipse]

Class is in session, so you can stop guessing
Who the fuck I be (Boxcutter Pazzie)
Focus, on what has to be done
Son, you know where I come from (Philly)

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

My little man will blow your face off
I flatten out bodies, I ain't talking about a race horse
Murder every rapper then I break off
Scheming on this motherfucking money, Bern Madoff
Y'all was always pussies so stay soft
The only time beef is mentioned around me is for steak sauce
I work harder than y'all, it's no days off
The knife work scratch and cut you up like Main Source
My fam walk around with hawks on them
Big motherfuckers, infrared dots on them
And ain't a motherfucker that can box with them
Razor under the tongue and keep an ox with them
Hardbody rap, God of the Serengeti
I'm a sinner, I'm the God of the seven deadly
Everything I do hard and it's legendary
I spit sixteen bars and you dead and buried

[Hook]

Class is in session, so you can stop guessing
Who the fuck I be (Boxcutter Pazzie)
Focus, on what has to be done

Son, you know where I come from (Philly)

Vinnie Paz - Cold, Dark, And Empty Lyrics

[Verse 1: Smoke]

[Hook: Smoke]

Godson, large guns, hard drums
Prolems, plastic livers and hard lungs
Far from, a colorful artist
Untroubled regardless, humble and cautious, zoology starts
Game of Throne, we upend the farthest
Check out my horos[cope], I'm the lion in the jungle
Rob you niggas on the ave, you buy a hundred bundles
You don't understand struggle? I'll rob you for your gun tool
I'm barkin on police, monster on the beats
Got a chopper in the car? Gotta chopper in the streets
Make it hard for you to breathe, Parkinson's disease
And part of my beliefs don't make it hard for me to squeeze
I'm starting to agree; niggas don't love us
Niggas don't want us, niggas don't trust us - niggas can't touch us!
My life that's on paper? That's the shit that I publish
Stab your sister in private, your brother in public, nigga

[Hook]

You can't kill me I'm dead already, his head is petty
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti
Crazy Eddie machetes, I keep 'em in a Chevy
My metal heavy, G-O-D of the Serengeti

[Verse 2: FT]

Just a young boy doing broke man shit
Running through the hood with a big four fifth
Spit on your poster, clique full of vultures
One shot, bet I'll leave your liver on your shoulders
I'll make your heart stop beating, your wife start cheating
She speaking with a mouthful of semen
We angels, y'all demons
If you think that you can fuck with the gods you're dreaming
Cause my flow is like hell when you battle me
You bout to step into the realms of reality
Let's get it poppin' motherfucker
For playing with pimping now y'all paying expenses
Like doctor bills, you're not for real
I cock the steel over pot and pills, even cops get killed
On the block with a Glock before I got the deal
I don't care, somewhere there's a slot to fill, nigga

[Hook]

[Vinnie Paz]

The Dim Mak teacher, the Book of Enoch reader
The five deadly venom chest beater, the chess teacher
The guest speaker, the Miami flesh eater
I'm the physical of severely compressed ether
Carry wisdom of a severely distressed Gita
The act of cowardice you display is your best feature
Chastiser of the enemy, Death's reaper
Logic dictate experience the best teacher
I gave him two choices he didn't deserve either
Confession doesn't work to a deeply disturbed preacher
Everything is painted with blood from a snub heater
Father please instruct me on how to perform pitra
Smoked in every country a lot of the bomb reefer
Poked in every country a lot of the don divas
I was resurrected by tropical storm Jesus
I was then selected to slaughter deformed fetus

[Hook]

Vinnie Paz - Razor Gloves Lyrics

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

It's not a possibility you could ever survive
That's just the logicality of the Devil inside
Any ounce of goodness in me was never revived
Disconnected or completely connected with God
The hell-hound spellbound where destiny lie
The bells sound, knelt down, the effigy cry
A couple rappers want a beef they respectfully die
They ended up losing they teeth, but I left them alive
I clash with skull in one hand, the other a spine
I snap a motherfucker head, he dead on the dime
I carve a muh'fucker up like Geppetto with knives
That's the magic of the Persian and Arab design
That's the marriage of exertion, inertia defined
That's the savage that was perfectly nurtured in time
I put pacifists in caskets, my version of crime
I'm an assassin and my passion is bursting your mind

[Verse 2: R.A. The Rugged Man]

Sirens and ambulances in the streets, there's race, riots and panthers
And cops hosing down innocent bystanders
Hand grenades and shanks, automatic bullets, pray to the banks
Government emergency military sending in tanks
How did I get in this position?
I'm sick of living, Kevorkian vision
And bridge jumpin', razor blade wrists slittin'
In the car garage carbon monoxide sniffin', wine glass full of cyanide sippin'
Russian roulette, the chamber's spinnin'
Death by my own manslaughter
I'm going out like Ernest Hemingway and his sister and his brother and his father and his granddaughter
Society losing religion, there's too much heat in Lucifer's kitchen
Never know if a politician's speaking truth or fiction
You spit with true conviction you'll be the victim of a crucifixion
The hangman will leave you from a noose swinging and ruin your mission
Not every punk on the street is recruitable
These snitches will start singing and turn the police precinct into a musical
Most these thugs is snitching ass cowards
You ain't nothing but somebody's bitch in prison getting dick in the showers
Too many sleeping on me like narcolepsy, my weapon arsenal is deadly
I'm definitely an artist, they ain't ever market it correctly
Piss on the pavement in the public, jerk my dick on the Fox News
Police piss me off, I'll pull it out and piss on they cop shoes, come on

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

You gonna turn this robbery to a homicide
The Desert Eagle is lethal, evil personified
Dominicans here take you for a dollar ride
You want beef you gonna lose god stop his vibe
I don't respect life, pussy if you die, you die
 Most high, Rastafar-I, eye and eye
I'm always gonna keep it gutter like a five and dime
 And when I die the prophecy gonna stay alive
Yeah, and y'all should study all the things that's written
 About the Roman Empire and the Kings of Britain
Merlin exists and manuscripts have been forbidden
And understand that King James is a piece of fiction
 My box game like Mantova
I'm no fool, I'm old school like my grandfather
Ain't nobody take my punch that can stand conscious
Psychologically imbalanced, I'm a man's conscience

Vinnie Paz - Wolves Amongst the Sheep Lyrics

[Hook: Block McCloud]

We live by the assassin's creed committing dastardly deeds

Slash and you bleed, we live in the cut

It's like we have a fucking disease

A virus, violence begets violence, you're drowned in a river of blood
And all you bastards can plead for mercy and cry, you're buried alive

Nobody's digging you up

It's like we have a fucking disease

A virus, violence begets violence, you're drowned in a river of blood

[Verse 1: Kool G Rap]

Weak niggas surviving with an IQ level low

My shit rock like 2Pac or Os on a ghetto stove

My flows will leave 'em weak, you see the rose petals blow

Gun smoke settles slow when I blow the cold metal nose

Like holding recelos, Bacardi and bezel glow

Dressed in dough, the boy covered in ice like an Eskimo

Playing with you kids, I'm in child molester mode

Tryna follow his tracks? I'll derail your train of thought

And afford you one female in the same assault

Stainless fork, flame the pork with a grain of salt

Vinnie Paz, semi mags, who want to claim to talk?

Address your shit like Jimmy Jazz, so put your frame in park

The black stallion, Italiano, gangsters walk

This arcane, we off the chain, the links'll talk

I get all in the bitch head like a shrink, of course

You half-steppin' and ass-bettin', the bank is off

[Hook]

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

You tryna sell wolf tickets to the lion of the jungle

I'm the eyes of God, they call me cyanide in the struggle

You the kind of guys that would be traumatized in the scuffle

And I'm buying pies with the Italian guys with the muscle

I'm dying before I trust you, the iron inside the duffel

You on Rikers Island, I can get homicidal to touch you

I'm inside, I'm viral, I'm the messiah's idol above you

I'm the pride of Cairo, I'm genocidal and I will cut you

I'm riding for all my hustlers and anybody building bridge

It's no mercy and Pazienza I will kill the kids

Blood diamonds, Sierra Leone is really big

The G36 slick, it'll peel your wig

If it ain't the 36, then I'll let the 9 explode

I knew about collapsing buildings before Osama knows

I create beef, Vinnie always finds a foe

Bitches up and down on my dick like I'm the Konami code

[Hook]

Vinnie Paz - You Can't Be Neutral On a Moving Train

Lyrics

[Intro] Howard Zinn - Governments lie all the time. Well not just the American government, it's just, in the nature of governments. Well they have to lie. And since they all represent the people, in some sense they act against the interest of the people, the only way they can hold power, is if they lie to the people.

[Unknown] You don't know what I know, you can't see the spreading stain, of deception. I am cruel to myself, things will never be...The same. [Howard Zinn] - If they told people the truth they wouldn't last very long. -

[Unknown] I will hold my silence, like a weapon, in my hand. If I used it, I would murder myself.. You could never understand.

[Vinnie Paz : Verse 1]

Columbus came ashore greeted with nothin but niceness, sailin West in attempt to find gold and spices. Dominated by the popes in frenzy for ices, the Catholic church expelled Jew's and claimed it was righteous. The first man to see land would get a reward, and get a yearly pension for life, clearly from God. A young sailor saw land said, " we isn't far, " Columbus lied said he saw it the evening before. They touched ground they were greeted by the Arawak, Columbus had them locked up as prisoners in an hour flat. He wanted to find they source of gold and that was that, and when they thought that wasn't fair then he stabbed their backs. When there was no more gold, he took slaves instead. And left a quarter-million Indians in Haiti dead. The men died in mines, the women died at work, the children died from lack of milk and they died in the dirt. They were just takin advantage of a passive people, they were just bein the savages of massive evil, that's the church work that's th! e path of massive ego, that's the blood of Abraham bein stabbed by the steeple. In 1619 they were patiently waitin' for a ship that carried slaves that was changin' a nation, the white man was a cannibal prayin' to Satan. Hatred contempt the pity of patronazation. That's the cornerstone, everything

racism based in, the African had a more advanced civilization. Black was slave, master was white, rationalization, 50-million dead, that's Western civilization. At first they appeared in the North, and they were helpless in the face of superior force, and all of them were chained together they really was lost. Racism isn't natural it's merely divorced. Before the slave-trade black was considered distasteful. By the Oxford

Dictionary I find it disgraceful. It's not a natural tendency to be bitter and hateful, it's a natural enemy of the critical staple. Slavery grew as the plantation system grew, the reason for that's kinda easily tracible. Society of a good health was capable, or ! sayin, " Fuck a slave master! You're in slavery too! " 7 slave! s were p ut to death for murderin' master, fear of slave revolt had them developing faster, you a cataline killer inequent bastard, I would burn the white man while smellin' the ashes. From time to time white man was part of the resistance, white indigenous servants wanted no part of the system. King Phillip's war showed that if people would listen, that we could maybe break the complex chains of opression. Tyranny is tyranny but that's a concesssion, but the women they were treated like that of possesions. Black women had to work cuz they was abbused, that's the white justification of Arayan Blues. The next move was to dominate the Mexicans, James Polk dominated them like they was next of kin. He sent Colonel Cross to lie to them and let them in, 11 days later his skull was crushed, so message sent! We take nothin' by conquest that was the mantra, the military wasn't human they was just monsters. Henry David Thoreau refused to pay his taxes, denounced the Mexican war and got locke! d in shackles! The 20th century open anger re-emerged. Reality of ordinary life was bein heard. Anarchists and feminists came from factory-work, Communism, Socialism seemed to be re-birthed. War is the health of the state is what Bourne said, and if you was born around that time you was born dead. The espionage act had people confused, cuz it was double-talk and they ain't know how it be used, supposedly it was an act against spyin, you boys know that, that was bullshit, and they was lyin!

Charles Schenk was arrested in Philadelphia for printin' and distributin' leaflets cuz they was helpin' ya. He was indited, tried and then found guilty, and spent 6 months in jail don't that sound silly? Had his freedom taken away by his own nation, but there's a lesson do not submit to intimidation. The act still exists today and this shit is real, supposedly Kennedy tried to have that shit appealed. Eugene Debs did 10 years for no purpose, he obstructed the recruiting and en-listment service. The post office started takin' mail privileges, of maga! zines who printed anti-war sentiments. A Socialist named Fairchild had it right, he said that, " They can shoot me, but they can't make me fight! " They sentenced him to a year in jail and that was reckless, 65 thousand men, conscientious objectors. They were sent to army bases to work their, they were treated sadistically and were hurt their. They were strangled with a hemp rope till they collapsed, and officers punched their stomachs and their lower backs. A garden hose was placed on their face with a nozzle, about 6" inches from them so they couldn't swallow. The war ended in 1918, the government was just tryin' to wipe the slate clean. Hemmingway wrote " Farewell to Arms " Dalton Trumbo wrote " Johnny Got His Gun. " The war was over but they didn't learn their lesson, twin-tactics of control, reform and repression. The patriotic fervor of war had been invoked.. That's why the country that you live in is a fucking joke!

[Outro : Vinnie Paz]

You can not be neutral on a moving train.

This is a story about the lies that your teacher told ya.

This is real actual factual.

No lies on the whole record, if you don't believe me look it up.

I'm tryna share the shit that I learned.... With y'all!

Do the knowledge.

Your government does not care about you.

The people in power do not care about you.

Understand that.

Power to the people!!!!

(Howard Zinn)

War is like, a fix. Ya know you get high on war, we won we won! And then your, your down on the ground, and ya need another fix, ya need another war. Why do you think we've had war after war after war after war. Every war ya know, they say this is the end, this is the last war. In World War 1.. They said, this is the war to end all wars.. And then not long after that was World War 2, and then soon the United States was waging war in Korea, then Vietnam. If you study history what you learn is that, wars are always accompanied by lies... Wars are always accompanied by deception.....

VINNIE PAZ



Fuck Ya Life (C-Lance Remix) by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz:]

I wet the whole entire block then I broke off
Lift the boat off, Russian sickle Nikolai Volkoff
I ain't never met a motherfucker that was so soft
I remain fire like folk who ain't turn their stove off
And I still rhyme cousin with a flawless fervor
I got money and catch cases like Roethlisberger
And y'all are Dennis Dixon, that's just something different
I need another prescription, I got a pen addiction
I got a Muslim shorty now but the ex was Christian
She ain't overstand the godliness of my position
Anybody who ain't family is opposition
The M9 got a big nose, Scottie Pippen
Vinnie sipping on the Goose, god hit this marley
My hands running out of fingers, young Vince Lombardi
I got a tet offensive similar to Victor Charlie
I meet a bitch, I don't sweat it, this ain't a Christmas party

[Chorus]

Try to stop minds from growing
I'll make your blood stop flowing
Fuck your life

Flat Line by Vinnie Paz

Ayo Paz, yo Blac

I rep Official Pistol Gang all motherfucking day

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Clap at you fast, no safety on the ratchet

Gats play chess like crazy with the gabbit

Bus ride motherfucker staying on the transit

Drugs like babies, real gracefully I handle it

I don't think lames could understand it

Boxcutter Pazzy from the faces that I damage

I put your fuckin' brains in the Atlantic

To fuse y'all fuckers with your cainery and panic

You talk about hammers, and I'll talk 'bout mine

When I'm fucking with the scramblers, I'm on cloud nine

Yeah, you disrespectful then it stomp out time

Batty Boy covered in a fuckin' chalk out line

I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout grime

I'm the name that pop up when you talk 'bout shine

And the big black heavy metal four-five mine

I'm a G, cocksucker, never cross that line

[Hook]

Rap game gone, flat line

It's all over, today is the day we gonna 'em

Flat, frame, fall, flat line

We got an army, we loaded ready to hit 'em

[Verse 2: Zilla]

Check it

Yo call me Zilla, I'm a monster with clap and kicks

The reason alone, you n***as pushing albums back

You got a squad, but I doubt you crack

Every release that you ever drop could be bundled in the value pack

Political rap, my man's caught a bullet in Nam

Sitting twisted in the buggie with a seed in his arm

What's the motive when the reason is harm

We in the ghetto everyday fighting demons with a badge and baton

I got six million ways to pop, hustle to get it

When the odds stack higher than knots, struggle to live it
You ain't never felt the burn from lead
So I'm never catching the L, I just focus how to earn my bread
You down with OPG, I'm down with Paz and Blac
You down with dope emcees, my title proves that fact
Ain't a city that could pull my slack
The red beam is an invitation to hell, once I pull that back

[Hook and Sample]

"In America, ah people are uh, treated very much and uh, the police are there to contain us, to brutalize and murder us."

[Verse 3: Blacastan]

And now's over with the liveliest rhyme killers
Knowledge unfolding, is the rise from the sacred five pillars
Conquest the conquer, pillage your village
Respect god, play hard, even in a live scrimmage
Face squads that call, we tarnish their image
Viking style, celebrate with barrels of Guinness
And shoot outs, we replenish when the clicks is finished
Getting head on the couch, watching Venus play tennis
I hold a mic like Jeter hold pennants
It's tragic like Troy Davis in his ??
From the ending to beginning, figure eight stay spinning
I'm infinite, you can't bust off, n***a you impenitent
Sound waves travel underwater like sonar
I'm stealth, I can't be detected by radar
Probably in a fly car, with the seats reclined
It's Vinnie, Zilla and Blac n***a, flat line

Death By Guillotine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Death By Guillotine

No, not too much is new

I'm so fucking high

I'mma spit a bomb verse

D-Motherfucking-Moz n***a

Cyssero, Vin, Some real shit right here baby

Problem

[Verse 1: Demoz]

Look, ever feel suicidal to the point that you tried it

And when they asked you about it, you don't know how to deny it

Doc all in your face, asking what is the motive

You got split personalities and it's hard to control 'em

Taking xans and percs, drinking liquor and beer

Feeling sick to your stomach, trying to shift through the gears

On a slippery rope, plus your vision is blurry

Worst case scenario, they'll miss you after you're buried

Wife fucking your man, brother, stuff in the jam

Thought and starred at your pictures, like where the fuck is my dad

I'm a problem atomic, trying to rhyme with these chickens

Shit 'em out in the morning and take a piss on the omelet

Made an honesty promise, I ain't gotta be modest

I ain't got to be parted, this whole economy's garbage

I'm a comet in space, I ain't part of this land

I'm a fuckin' two-face, why would you call me your man

[Hook]

Tongue twisted like Pun digging my tongue tissue

It's one missile, we blow you to little lunch issues

We fuck with you, we came with you but left dolo

We stuck with you on one issue, we reign solo

We through a bomb in the parade at these gay homos

We manic (????), how the fuck are they gonna break kodos?

Freddy roaching a corner, cause we ain't saying nothing

And we just sitting there twitching like we sniffing our caine, bugging

[Verse 2: Cyssero]

Creep quiet, but that chopper loud (you know how we do)
Look, the way I perform with that K that'd rock a crowd
Mask and glove when I squeeze them slugs
Make a bloodbath, we gonna need a tub
Shit, we riding dawg
When we catch his ass let that Super-Soaker wet his ass
Dry him off, military tactics
Moving silent dawg
Paint the neighborhood red when that iron drawn
Yeah, DaVinci of the gun-slinging, shots make a bastard leak
Make a masterpiece, get your casket dropped
That's the art of war, bang at the targets
(???) war, then burn the bodies, what you need a coffin for
If you ain't built for all that, what you talking for (be quiet)
Yeah, tell your homeboy calm his mad
Unless he want a fuckin' problem on his hands (for real)

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, Pazienza put the torch to him
Young rap version of Dr. Kevorkian
This pussy done, put a fork in him
Or I'mma have to let the .44 bark at him
He better pray he got a squad with him
Like the proletarian revolution of Marxism
Put your body in the star system
Reveal itself as bleeding light, Allah wisdom
Bullets fast when they travelling
The silencer is strong and it's long like a javelin
Now he dead put a bag in him
Green from the dope fine lean, and the scag in him
I hold the ratchet unorthodox
Pernell Whitaker, ducking all sorts of shots
Various types of torture plots
And I'mma ride till I die and the coffin drops

Lyrics.lol :: Bodysnatchers by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

HAHAHAHAHA!

Official Pistol Gang!

Vinnie Paz, Louie Doggs

Odrama Vin Laden

Demoz

Grim Reaperz

Bodybag Music Crew

DJ Eclipse, what up, baby?

La Coka, Bill, Slaine, Danny Boy

Yo, Everlast, what up, cuzzo?

Listen...

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

A rebel that yell, take you through the levels of Hell

Take your commissary pussy like it settled in jail

I'm a heavyweight, Vinnie don't need to get on a scale

A man of God, but usually the Devil prevails

I don't work, all y'all motherfuckers work for me

I love death, you motherfuckers get murked for free

I don't follow trends, I just do what work for me

I don't live on Earth, the motherfucking Earth in me

Louie Doggs don't relate to y'all cause I'm a godly creature

I chop a motherfucking brick like a karate teacher

I wouldn't call what you doing sick, you just got a fever

I have my mother's heart and I have my father's features

Yeah, you know I got the hammer in the jeans

And more white shit than in the Canada latrines (BLRATT!)

I go bananas for the cream

I don't have a moral fiber, Vinnie take your Nana for her cream, yeah

HAHAHA! BLRATT!

Yo, D, where you at, baby?

We want it all, n***a

Official Pistol Gang!

Official Pistol [?], n****a

We mobbin' on you motherfuckers!

Hottest mothafuckin' mixtape, hands down

Yo, D! Wassup, n***a?

Take these mothafuckas to war, cousin!

I gotchu, n***a

Yeah!

[Verse 2: Demoz]

N***as rapping but they comical, it's logical

They overrated hating so I cut them like a dominoes

Box of pizza fuck the perpetrating hospital

When nurses race in, running n***as over in a hearse with Satan

Squash a n***a and his baby chorus

His more collaboration with commercial rap and if you pay me for it

So fuck the BS I'm the hardest, I'll walk in Philly with a philly

Selling n***as CDs yelling garbage

Pardon me, that's just my sense of humour

Look I'm intense, I'm making sense

You n***as sense try and spread your rumours

Basically I'm trying to make it happen

Scheming I can make it rapping

Stay away from n***as who relate to acting

It's nothing personal, I take your money

Spend it on your bitch, call you a bitch

And tell you pussy try and take it from me

It's funny how a motherfucking bitch change

Bitch get changed, it's nothing if she sniff 'caine

And turn crazy, sell her own soul, her own baby

All over this gravy, it's all over it's shady

How the world turns and it's all over this money

It's funny, next thing you know you all over your money

With your face out, brains bleeding, your dame leaving with the next man

Plan A to the bling scheming on your life savings

Like praying they might saving em from his life wasting

All over his wife patience, I don't like hatred

But if you can do it to me I'mma do it to you

Give a fuck if you beautiful what your booty can do

Your pussy's tight, titties big, bitch whoopty-dee-doo

I got a bundle on your head to kill you and your crew

Got so much they don't like you

Mind you bullets fly through your head, they gonna find you

Blind you with red beams, bury you cockroaches

Chicks can get it too so baby do not approach us

I'm a sick being, stick me in a rap cipher

I'm a light lighter hairspray em and burn biters

[Outro: Vinnie Paz]

Yo, D! Yo, you just caught a body on these muhfuckers, cuzzo

Yo, word to Allah, this the bodysnatchers

This the return of the bodysnatchers!

Official Pistol Gang, baby

Jay Rock, all my muhfuckas!

Yo, Jus Allah, Outerspace

Reef The Lost Cauze, [?]

O.G. Filthy Rich

We punchin' muhfuckas in the face for breathin', baby

Bodysnatchin'

Catchin' bodies! HAHAHAHAHA!

Golden Casket by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza baby. Yo Syze what up cuzzo? (What up my brotha?)
Yo Bill, what up lord? (Ah we're about to get down.)
It's an honor to be on the song with my brothers, you know I'm sayin'? (Don't ever change my dude.)
On a physical and spiritual, it's a lovely thing to be makin' this music shit together man. That's word to Allah
man, you know I mean praise the Ah

[Verse 1 - King Syze:]

We them motherfucking bombers explosive fire a federal building
Vietnam general killing with memorable spitting
Insane ripper who's hyper than caine sniffers
The Heavy Metal Kings with Syze, we the main figures
Lyricals you don't want a physical confrontation
Speak in moderation man we the army we the fucking nation
Don't disrespect the man that dis AIDS
I'll be locked in the cage man before I show I'm bitch-made
You's a switchblade n***a I'm a fucking cannon
The .22, I'm a .347 Magnum
You's a handgun, homie we at ? squad
Dudes better thank God, man we hitting tracks hard
Any given time I'mma ask what y'all want now
Hydraulic when I'm rapping I'm fracking the underground
In the surgical mood making vertical moves
While y'all lateral pass man we laughing at fools

[Chorus - King Syze:]

Yo Syze gonna kill shit, Bill gonna kill shit
Put em on the floor Paz hit em with the steel tip
Fuck being grown, we back up on that old shit
Disrespect us and you'll leave with your dome split
Yo Syze gonna kill shit, Bill gonna kill shit
Put em on the floor Paz hit em with the steel tip
Fuck being grown, we back up on that old shit
Disrespect us and you'll leave with your dome split

[Verse 2 - Ill Bill:]

I'll spill the devil's blood, drink and kill devil rum
Black flag, metal gun, have you praying to God like Reverend Run
You'd better run for the hills like Uncle Howie running for krillz

A hundred a pill, gun in your grill
Peep the Jolly Roger, smoking like a Bob Marley concert
Run your mouth you get Molly ?
We got shipwrecked at Kitty Hawk
Kidnapped the man's daughter
He don't pay the ransom cut that bitch's titties off
A true gentleman, braveheart veteran with metal skin
Settle things, travel with the devil's wings
We about to throw people overboard, the overlord
What's the code of law? We don't give a fuck, we rewrote em all
The new mutants from a long line of goon shooters
New computers, new holochips and new Rugers
Violent creeps, piracy on the highest seas
Dying in the streets lying live beneath where my tires be

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Vinnie Paz]
I'm a G motherfucker, I'll bury you in the cryptic tomb
Guns big, the bullets I call em clips of doom
I was born on the precipice of a shifting moon
I was born to the death of it from a twisted goon
I wouldn't say I'm obsessed with it but a bit consumed
I just aim the AK at it lick my wounds
The boxcutter, a hollow tip it'll rip in twos
But that's a horse of a different color, a different rules
My hands fast, it's uppercuts and it's body blows
I ain't trying to catch a fucking case lord vamonos
You don't wanna see the power that the Lama holds
Put you in the motherfucking box like you Domino's
School of hard knocks Vinnie on the honor roll
My work's bloody, it's similar to piranha flow
The game's dirty, I studied it then I locked it though
My raps break motherfuckers call ? flow

[Chorus]

Dark of the Night by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Dark of the Night

[Hook]

I'm not Jesus Christ or Mohammed but I can read and write
Between the lines I see a message, is it wrong or right?
I fight to keep my faith alive in the dark of the night
I use my mic to inspire, I hope you see the light
I'm not the prophet Abraham or Mahatma Gandhi
I'm just a man with many questions, sometimes they haunt me
I fight to keep my faith alive in the dark of the night
I use my mic to influence, I hope you see the light
In the dark of the night

[Verse 1: Freddy Madball]

In the name of the Father and Son, the Holy Spirit and this gun
That I protect my fam with in case my prayers don't protect us son
Is there a chosen one? Chosen few? Maybe none
Maybe when you're dead it's done
No sun, no moon, no light, no outcome
I love the thought of being reunited with my fam
Sounds like a scam sometimes though so here I stand
Crossing hands, a man trying to understand
Whose book of plans should I follow if they're written by hands
Just like my own, human to the bone
We are all flawed and scarred, nobody wants to die alone
I sit upon a throne, fearless in my home
My hood, the city and world that I roam, what about the unknown?
I'm not a clone to follow a nicely written poem
Scriptures structured to make you comb through your thoughts, your dome
I can't lead you home but I will ask the questions
I'm not an atheist, this is just a true confession

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

In the dark of the night I wonder why I was placed here
My family told me put my faith in God and face fear
For some reason I ain't wanna put my faith there
And going to church I saw nothing but hate there

I ain't understand how everyone else could be wrong
And I ain't wanna be like everyone else and conform
Yeah so I had a discussion with moms
And that's around the same time I discovered Islam
The first time that I had peace in my life
The first time I had a reason and a beacon of light
And if another human being think that Jesus the light
I don't argue, I just hope that they have peace in their life
There's a war going on outside no man is safe from
Every religion have a god but it's the same one
Religion's just a tool to divide us and they won
I feel that God been standing beside me since day one

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Freddy Madball]

Am I faithful at heart and smart enough to find the right path?
Endure the wrath of a stormy past or will I be cast?
To a hell that no one can foretell if it exists
Or do we dwell in the midst of, if so I like Hell
I like Heaven too, it makes me feel so vital
The thought of living in peace and love, something so primal
Forget the titles, everyone has their rivals
But I think that it's bigger than all of us like this recital
Spiritually agnostic, curious and caustic
My thoughts sick regardless of what we think, have I lost it?
No I tossed it to the side, the simpleminded lies
Saint Mary mother of God, I still look in your eyes
Despite all I despised I realised that
I must take what I've learned and make it all mine
Until I die or fly with the other souls
Foolish pride won't stop me from asking why
Show me a sign

Road Warrior by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza

Yo Lib, what up baby?

Slaine, my brother from another

Philly to the Bean all day

Official Pistol Gang

Ill Rock

[Verse 1: Adlib]

Road Warrior, murdering miles

Guzzle bottles, splash puddles on models

Got the club shit that you catch on the dial

This that drug shit that get kept in the vials

Wild style, staying in a box-car

Fame in the street, entourage of rock stars

Pop lock up cars, switch up daily

Dive bar, shitty store, sniffers pay we

Outlaws, alcohol fuel our cravings

Blow cigars, get scarred, fuck safety

Risk takers, paper chasers

Box your motherfucking face with razors

Ruthless assholes, my crew's so rotten

Sloppy strippers on the pole for oxy

Not from the Carter that they cop from poppy

Nazi cops want a red dot and pop me

I'm hunting zombies, with Pun on repeat

Knee deep in shits creek, no tongue and cheek

When I speak it reeks from the curb

Listen, start itching to rob

If not, then the slob ain't doing his job

So dance with the devil before you go meet your god

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I don't gotta say no names

Cause a bitch is a bitch, I don't play those games

Official Pistol Gang, we hold thangs

And I'll bloody up your shirt like tomato stains

See I done been to hell and back

I done talked about murdering the president, my cell was tapped

I smell a rat, should've went to jail for that
These motherfuckers mailed the pipe-bomb, I mailed it back
I see all of y'all rappers as tight gay
City sought the giddy where the diesel is light grey
I don't give a fuck what you might say
Buck 50 side of the neck where the knife lay (that's where the knife go)
My horror been shining for years
I done outlasted ever single one of my peers (I'm still out here shining)
But for me that's just a common affair
Peace to Adlib, now I'm out for some beers, yeah

[Verse 3: Slaine]

Stab your nose, drunk with a six figure salary
Pop (???) who want to challenge me
I'm a superstar, you don't live in my galaxy
King with the crown, you ain't down with the palace, see
I run this town, laying in the shadows
Everybody know the name Slaine, Mr. Carol
Double-barrel shotgun, watch fools traveling
Sawing you in half, collapsing your abdomen
My dues been paid, the rules been layed down and broken
C'mon stupid, don't provoke him
You cats smoke crack rocks like '86
And you snitch ass dope fiends boosting with the shady bitch
I ain't falling with the traps and tricks
Pull the wool over your eyes when I clap the click
Ain't no fun over here, I'm on some backwards shit
Black crook, black hoodies, and the blackest kicks
Like this!!

Big Boyz by Vinnie Paz

"??, I'm lookin' for the next sensation. An unsigned artist, that's the one I'm lookin' for."

Yeah, it's New York right here. Shout out my n***a Mike Raw

Yo, Do you want it.. Yeah

Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah

About to fly around the world, y'all n***as can ask for next year. You want it.. Yeah

Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah

About to fly around the world, yo people ask for next year. You want it.. Yeah

Who the big boys that play with big toys like they don't care.. Yeah

About to fly around the world, y'all n***as can ask for next year

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Can't nobody fuck with you

I'm an animal, I should be kept inside a fucking zoo

You a bitch, your bitch told me she was stuck withchu

Fuck around with me will get you beat like a production crew

I'm Vinnie Paz, cousin who the fuck is you?

Gun brawl, hand to hand, cousin I will muscle you

I used to ride pussy boy for a buck or two

Now I hit you with the lama, body-bag, duffle you

Yeah I do the type of shit that a thug'll do

You the type to be in magazines with men hugging you

That's the type of shit that have me snuffing you

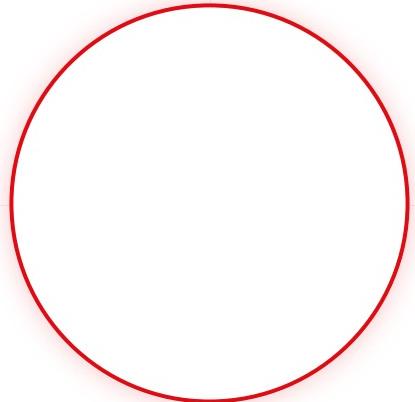
Pull the ratchet out and put a slug inside your bubble goose

I find your kind of rhyme to be insufferable

Put your body in a place where nobody discover you

Bring your whole team, all them faggots sucka too

Peace to Afu brother I'd spill their blood for you



[Intro]

"The fuck you say now!? Huh!?

Hey! Huh!?

Bam! bam! bam!

Mothafucka I'm strapped!

You don't fuckin' talk now, huh!?"

[Vinnie Paz]

Vinnie Paz

Bushmaster Music

I got the AR-15, let me hit his head

Heard us running up inside the crib and then he shit his be

I ain't trying to hear nothing cousin give me bread

The only thing inside the duffel bag shrunken heads

That's how motherfucking grimy we are

You don't wanna see how motherfucking violent we are

(Yeah!) Or where the motherfucking silencers are

What the Asiatic motherfucking sciences are

I know you saying that this motherfucker curse a lot

I'm just trying to balance out the fact you rock a purse a lc

I heard you suck dick and walk around in skirts a lot

Listen to Kanye West, recite his verse a lot

Pazienza I don't rock with that soft shit

We juice crew Hilltop hardcore shit

We got the ??? uncut raw shit

To put his motherfucking body in the morgue shit, yeah

Requiem for Black Benjy in 2 Parts by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Requiem for Black Benjy in 2 Parts

Part 1

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Pavarotti with a shotty

Move the Charlie while I'm still part of the Literati

The bricks is like Basmati, we chop 'em like they karate

My shorty draped in a saree like Saraswati

To make a long story short, I caught a body

This carajito couldn't embody what I embody

He rubs shoulders with Stalin like Togliatti

Burning pot was yellow and it look like Vanaspati

The Black Hills ammunition hotter than wasabi

I call Black Bannerz and I fly to Abu Dhabi

Scoop me at the ADI in the Maserati

Staring at a lithograph of Raja Ravi

In a courtroom cocky like I'm Gotti

It's over half a million bodies in Makati

I puff on Afghan like Shah Durrani

The bullets in the armory look like a hot tamale

[Verse 2: CRIMEAPPLE]

I'm riding in a bucket with the roman candles

Looking for your favorite rapper, rocking open sandals

Roll the window down, I'm throwing pólvora

Now your mami stressed, screaming out "Ojalá"

Squeezing in your mouth, no Orajel, send you all to hell

Shit still on a scale 'cause my mixtape doin' sorta well

I can still win a Cy Young the moment the pie come

Try some, you'll be Harlem shaking till your mind numb

Verses crack ounces of piff, I got all kind of dope

If I get low, fiends licking the baggy like an envelope

Labels ain't cutting a check, so I cop sarin gas

Garfield Thanksgiving Day Parade's how I'm airing cats

Wear a mask in October and every other holiday

Stock your face if I heard that he chopping base and got the papes
Run upon you, I already told you my blood is Goya
This spic take enough work to terrify a Trump supporter
Whoa!

Part 2

[Verse 3: Tha God Fahim]

I stack money hand over head
Ask about the God, I'm the man in the bread
I'm hotter then Louisiana Hot Sauce
Take you hostage, ain't no bridges where you getting dropped off
Uh, I'm rocking furs for the winter
Uh, as I emerge from this printer
I grab the mic and turn MC's to dinner
Walk up on you and shred you like Master Splinter
I'm buying guns like the military
Armor-piercing rounds put you in the cemetery
I like the bread but I got more rolls
Reading godly books just to help me through this cold world
I walk around with the angel of death
Make you pay me with money and pay me in respect
Ain't no funny business, have you smiling by the neck
Never leave the fort without throwing on the TEC

[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]

Look, dry snitching is a lonely disease
This is shells of money, homie, macaroni and cheese
This is luxury, we eatin' Babylonian peas
Dumb muhfucka, get some Etzioni and read
Listen homie, is you riding or what?
He talking to opps, homie, he be trying his luck
Y'all ain't getting nothing B, I'm not providing Nathan
I greet my brother peacefully it's "As-salāmu 'alaykum"
Turn this muhfucka to a horror scene
The periquito yellow B, it look like it's a quarantine
I'm all about my motherfucking spinach, chicken Florentine
Doctrine of divine illumination, Santo Augustine
The gravedigger gonna teach you how to move the dirt
And jefe gon' have to teach you how to move the work
This .40 pregnant, homie, and she dyin' to pop
Momma told me I should strike while the iron is hot

Battyman!

Righteous Revenge by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza baby, what up cuzzo?

Yeah cuzzo, DJ Tricka

Philly in the building out here

We mobbing on you motherfuckers!

Official Pistol Gang and all that

It's how we get down out here

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I don't mean to brag but the knife work nice

And the rhyme's so evil that it might hurt Christ, yeah

Don't fuck around if you like your life

And the pistol always on me like it's white on rice

Once I hit the block cousin, it's all rad

Spray them with the four-five Glock and they all dead

Devil tried sleeping in God bed

Amaryte 666 on the forehead

I make dough, but I don't fuck with the books

As a young boy maybe I would fuck with the chooks

That's how it had to be fuckin' with crooks

I'm a king in a castle so you fuckin' with rooks

Anyone want beef just ask for it

He can catch a universe ?? and get trashed for it

I keep a couple ratchets in the jazz port

And they will put your fuckin' brains on the dashboard

Santa Sangre by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

[Verse 1: ILL BILL]

My discipline go beyond the way the Army train people
Calmly spray people
Devil's horns up like Ronnie James Dio or Tony Iommi
Cut your fucking arms off, stole me a Rollie
I Mobb Deep like Tony Maroni
Cross between the Egyptian god of fire and Tom Araya
Ten times higher than a soprano in God's choir
A Heavy Metal King, like eating crack, my gun metal rings
Settle things like God's prayer and the Devil's wings
We feast at the Last Supper, you hear the last laugh from us
Scrape cash abundant, you hear the gats blast from us
Roll with meaner rhymes, pinning y'all
Conquer continents like Genghis Khan
My life is like a Misfits song
Or like Cypress Hill, Hits from the Bong
Or like Ice-T, 6 'N the Morn, police at my door
Shoot the beast in his horns
Squeezing the four, creep in the six, then breeze to L'Amour
The Lords of War, for four seasons or more, listen!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This is goon music, something for Vinnie's gun to clap
Y'all ain't makin' no progress, y'all still are running laps
I think of y'all like Christ, y'all never coming back
Chainsaws and husky beards without the lumberjacks
Come on, pana, Vinnie got a clip full
I'mma let this four-fifth bark like it's a pitbull
(BRRAP! BRRAP! BRRAP!)
Money, I got a fistful
And I got an razor and it cut like if you skip school
I can be on that fight the power, Assata shit
I can be on that Gucci and on that Prada shit
I can be on that questioning if a God exists
I can be on that punch in your face and rob you shit

That's when motherfuckers starving and such
Dry snitching, all y'all motherfuckers crying too much
Yeah, give me a jar and the Dutch
I just caught a body and I'm proud of all this rhyming and such
Yeah!
[Outro]

When Crows Descend Upon You (C-Lance Mix) by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1 - Vinnie Paz:]

I'm just evil biologically, listen to y'all that make a mockery
Anton LaVey is like a god to me
I am not possibly associated with your democracy
Gary Heidnik is like a shah to me, go to war logically
I conduct self Nostradamusly, I am Ibrahim's last prophecy
Earth is my property, I am possessed like I'm an apostrophe
Vinny Appice is like a star to me
Paz swears solemnly, cut your fucking head like a lobotomy
Rape the fucking beat like sodomy
Nietzsche and philosophy, I am a vampire, I'm proud to be
I cannot be seen in your photography
Vinnie an anomaly, I am not a part of God's colony
Three inches of blood on my carpeting making things hard for me
My own family won't talk to me, I have to pray to Allah constantly honestly

[Chorus]

I'm having nervous dreams, n***a this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, no one heard em scream
He don't deserve to dream, n***a this a murder scene
Yellow tape around the booth, I'm having nervous dreams

I let my pistol bang, the Official Pistol Gang
So what's the issue man? I can make a tissue hang
I'm having nervous dreams, n***a this a murder scene
Yellow tape wrapped around the booth, nobody heard em scream



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Vinnie Paz - Philo: Metatron: Wisdom Lyrics

Yo, Oh No, what up papa?
This that slime shit
R.I.P. Sean Price
R.I.P. Phife Dawg
Love, peace, and fight for '93
Let 'em know Pazzy

Removed by the council of the masters of a teacher
The process went much deeper, I'm a believer
I turn batiman body into ether
The fellow sufferer who want to stand to God, neither
Son talked wild and they popped him like Don Diva
I told my shooter not to put the body on a visa
The son beast need more base, I called Giza
Marc Anthony knew a death before Caesar
Give 'em the business and then send 'em to where the ghost is at
Armed heavenly arm, Gucci over the shoulder strap
Where my fucking soldiers at? All over Jehovah map
Make the toaster clap and put two to your spine like Moses back
This how you supposed to rap, how you fucking roast a track?
This is where fiction and non-fiction can overlap
Fronting like you ain't intimidated, but you know it's that
A worker just a worker, so tell me where the all the coka at

It's that wise older brother, the murderous raspy voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
You should've let me chill, leave me be

It's that wise older brother, the murderous rapping voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
So calm down clown 'fore I bring the pound down

Enscribed in a cuneiform text on a cylinder
And Babylon was forced to shoot it out like Dillinger
They talk of revolution, but nobody is willing to
The way to deal with Lady Liberty is by killing her
A wise man said, "A good scotch never spoils"
The same man said, "A watched pot never boils"
I had every intention to rock, but it got foiled
The cavemen still can't live on hot soil
The PSA cage just slashed 'em in the vestabu
The brain matter looked like vegetables
My philosophy of living isn't too technical
The Yves Saint Laurent is ready to wear reputable
The Desert E .50 cal big as a rhinoceros

The four sided monument, they call it, "Black Obelisk"
Pressing it in every cell of the body like phosphorus
I don't do it simply, it's simply God consciousness

It's that wise older brother, the murderous raspy voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
You should've let me chill, leave me be

That wise older brother, the murderous rapping voice
They waiting for what I spit, MCs get dealt with
That's why somebody got to bleed
So calm down clown 'fore I bring the pound down

Vinnie Paz - The Coffin Lyrics

Yeah

Yo, Les, what up papa?

Juju Gigante, y'kna mean?

Goblin Queens New York

Philly out here

We shining

The four-fifth symphony lift him

It'll spin your head around like a rotisserie chicken

I was born on the Red Sea, Abyssinian vision

We ain't A-Alikes, God, we completely different

How much more proof you need that the boy crazy?

I carry four pounds like a premature baby

Pussy boy, coming out his mouth, all shady

I will punch him in his fucking teeth, all gravy

I'm liable to take a young boy lunch box

And if it's any resistance, then you gon' get punched ahk

I catch homis, Lord, harder than punk rock

I remember 'xactly where I was when they slumped Pac

Quintetto had everything, but got cocky

Philly wop with nice hands, but not Rocky

Mommy making manicotti, but it got sloppy

You a bitch, Benny Blanco when he shot Papi

The left hook startle 'em, the end is a mean right

Sublime nature, I am from the sons of the Green Light

I could tell from your eyes, something don't seem right

Hands shake, brittle, so I know you the queen type

This 550 Sonoran, force is absurd

And God told me the pen is the source of the word

How he call himself a rapper, but he awkward with words?

In a city I diddy bop, walk with a bird

Let's be honest, money, you just mediocre at best

And these cop killers going to put a hole in your chest

I'm Vido Loncar throwing blows at the ref

You like Luke on Hoth, almost frozen to death

The straight right'll lift his fucking pussy out of shoes

With no counters coming back and that's the point I'm trying to prove

You ain't get the fucking point?

That's the point that I don't lose

You can see me muhfucker, I'll anoint you on the news

Yeah

Vinnie Paz - Writings on Disobedience and Democracy Lyrics

"We have to stop thinking that we must have military solutions
To the problems we face in the world"

Yeah

"The solutions that we need are..."

Picking up where we left off

"...dealing of sickness, disease, and hunger

Now that's fundamental

If you want to end terrorism, you have to stop being terrorists
Which is what war is"

They told you World War II was a people's war

Logic should have told them it was imperialist war

18 million served in the armed forces

10 million more overseas – that's enormous

25 million workers pay for war bonds

All of the while people question why the war's on

There was an undercurrent of reluctance

There were under-publicized signs of resistance

Hitler's Germany was unspeakable evil

But let's discuss real quick what we did to people

We opposed the Haitian revolution

We turned Guam, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii into institutions

Pretended to help Cuba win freedom from Spain

This country's built on the blood of other people's pain

Blacks is looking at anti-Semitism in Germany

And saw the situation here was mirroring it perfectly

We appeased Hitler all throughout the '30s

Only years later we pretended we was worried

Roosevelt was hesitant to be gritty

And caused a resolution to be buried in committee

The main interest was never to stop fascism

But advancing imperialist interests of that prism

Roosevelt ain't care about oppression of the Jews

The power was the priority I'm telling you the truth

Hitler not the reason that we entered the land

Roosevelt was mad that we got hit by Japan

Historians will tell you he provoked that shit

He told lies in attempts to sugar coat that shit

In '45 troops were jammed onto the Queen Mary

The blacks were stowed down in the depths of the same ferry

See there's a parallel you have to understand

That they wanted them to fight but wouldn't treat them

Like a man

Industrial mobilization had a few divided

The economic royalists denounced and derided
The irony of victory was heavily a price
The war ended 3 million men was in strike
There's no peace in a world of capitalism
Nazi eugenic techconomic rationalism
The lesson was that war solved problems of control
Regardless if it causes any problems for the soul

The black revolt in the '50s came as a surprise
It shouldn't have after we took so many of their lives
You can't erase the memory of an oppressed people
Reparation doesn't make it any less evil
Some black folks joined the communist party
Richard Wright spoke of disillusionment with the body
The party was accused of exploiting black people
Angelo Herndon felt everything was equal
He was arrested they convicted for insurrection
How the fuck it's insurrection I call it dissension
Gave him 5 years when all he wanted was protection
There was other black men that made the same connection
Benjamin Davis defended Herndon as a savior
Then Paul Robeson he only magnified the danger
Harry Truman had to deal with the militant mood
But how the fuck that gonna work when he a racist too
In '54 they said they ended segregation
10 years later no changes
Revolt was always minutes away about to bust
Rosa Parks refused the black section of the bus

The freedom riders were spreading across the nation
They went to jail for marching and fighting discrimination
FBI stood by, Justice Department stood by
While civil rights workers were beaten, they just stood by
3 civil rights workers, 2 black and 1 white
Arrested in Philadelphia, Mississippi one night
They were released, beaten with chains and shot to death
There were arrests made but it was not confessed
The national government remained silent
The president wouldn't defend blacks against violence
Civil rights laws were passed but they were fraud
Equality was enforced poorly or was ignored
Martin Luther King's speech floored whoever heard it
5 years later he was targeted and murdered
In '65 the Watts Riots burned into the streets
The black man would no longer turn the other cheek
The Black Panther Party scared Nixon
But that did nothing to change his position
A new black consciousness was born and still alive
And that came from the will to survive

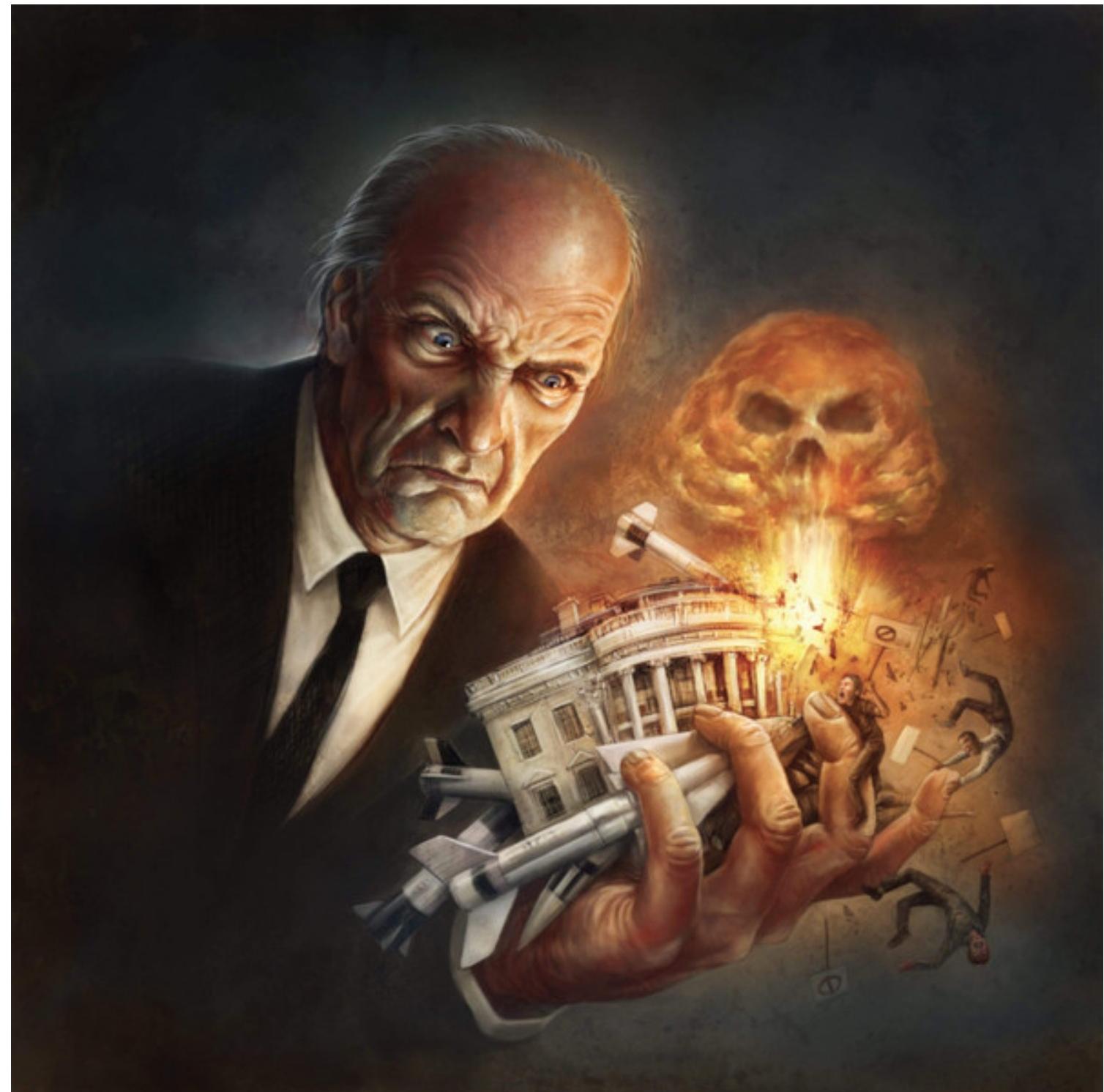
This is the part where I would talk about Vietnam
But me and Rugged Man we already made a song

By the '70s distrust had spread across the nation
Basic discontent political alienation
55, 000 died in the war of moral shame
And then Watergate was added to the hall of pain
The Watergate burglaries was rather complicated
But in the end mostly all of them exonerated
Nixon had CIA a G. Gordon Liddy
Lie about the Democratic National Committee
But eventually they all flipped on him
And told the Senate that they had a lot of shit on him
After that it was a swift and a sudden fall
Nixon resigned before they could impeach the ball
They got rid of Nixon but they kept the system
His foreign policy still remains in position
Corporate interests still remain in position
His closest advisors remain in position
Vietnam recession and unrest
All adds up to a motherfucking mess

After Watergate and Vietnam
There was a deep economic insecurity in this world of ours
Environmental deterioration took its toll
A cultural violence upon the families took its toll
Problems couldn't be solved without bold changes
But no major party candidates proposed changes
American political tradition held fast
Urban communities turning into hell fast
Black folks are bitterly disappointed with Carter
Opposed federal aid the poor people didn't bother
Reagan got elected and he built a military up
A trillion dollars later
And this motherfucker dummy up
He cut benefits for the poor to get the money up
Social security, disability went belly up
Unemployment grew in the Reagan years
30 million people unemployed in the Reagan years
Welfare became an object of attack
Especially if you was latino or you was black
I'm just scratching the surface of what was wrong
We'll pick the conversation up in the next song

To be continued...
You can't be neutral on a moving train
I told y'all before
You can't believe everything that your teacher tell you
Who is your teacher?
Your teacher just learned what they was taught
How do you know what they was taught was correct?
Know what I mean?
Dig into the real history of this country
And the fact it was built on blood
We gonna go around for a third time

But for now I'm just blessing y'all with this one
A continuation of the first
You can't be neutral on a moving train
Pazienza
Howard Zinn thank you for teaching the people
Rest in Peace
It's Pazienza baby



Winter Soldier by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Look, you talking to a God in the flesh
And this batiman something that I gotta address
This ain't a song, pa, this is a sonata of death
I will beat this motherfucker, I'll piñata his chest
This official, you should talk to the ref
I will put this big black sawed-off to his vest
Have these dum-dums lodged in an officer's chest
Put your body in a box like a login address
Here's a flower, say hello to the dead
Sinatra in '59, that's a hole in the head
The hammer Statue of Liberty, I'm lifting the torch
To me you just another sale, you a Christopher Cross
A rolling stone don't imprison the moss
Azazel is here, exorcism is off
I'm focused on a billy b, you focused on a mill
What you focused on is silly b, I'm focused on the kill

[Chorus]

I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking whopper off

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This motherfucker talking, I guess that he ain't breathing
Sonny LoSpecchio, this pussy, he ain't leaving
Energy drained, malnutrition, he ain't eating
Crying with his mouth all bloody, he ain't teething
I'm here homie, in the thick of the fog
It's a war torn city and I'm sick as a dog
I'm in my duffy it's a Christian Lacroix
This a dope fiend lean and it fixed the withdrawal
It's dirty here look like the spot that I got booked in
The type to see my face and then front like he not lookin'
Boxcutter I will shank a fairy
The Aston Martin is the color of a Frankenberg

Have your whole shit jooken with a blinky
A hundred round drum I can cook 'em in a jiffy
I ain't the one to run from Jihad
License to kill, but I ain't got a gun and a badge

[Chorus]

I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking yoppa off
I'm letting this fucking whopper off

Necklace of Heads by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Necklace of Heads

[Intro]

Yeah, 1, 2

Yo Oh No

This shit crazy, pop

Look, 1, 2

Aiight, look

Yeah

[Verse 1]

Lick shots like they would do with the fever

Stab 'em dead or a Pompeii, Julius Caesar

Knife work nice, show you what to do with a cleaver

Son munafiqun, he a truthful deceiver

Supplication on the plains of Arafat

Puerto Ricans everywhere, they talk to me in Arawak

Money always ass back, and I'ma pull the barrel back

Knowing damn well he couldn't see me like a cataract

Where the organ grinder partner, tell me where the Tommy at

And riddle him with bullets in him, move him like an army brat

Anarchist and Marxist, you listening to Commie rap

Self-proclaimed God so the fuck if I'ma honor that

This rat tried to get me book like a librarian

My shot unorthodox like Shawn Marion

Powers of pain, Animal Hawk and barbarian

You beaten by the fist of God so Paul bury 'em

[Chorus]

One gun, two gun, three gun, four

It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war

One gun, two gun, three gun, four

A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

[Verse 2]

I told y'all not to fuck with me

Kidnaps takin' the kids like full custody

Every rhyme like my first, I spit hungrily
Y'all don't know cheese and wine out in Tuscany
Y'all think having a rack is called luxury
All bark and no bite, you not touching me
It's too dark for you, the wind is too blustering
I don't like cops or opps in my company
The trap boys still cookin' the brick
And it's raw so it look like they cookin' the grit
If I counted every bottle that I took to the dick
I'd lose count pa, I was in a room full of shit
You cupcaked out, still bitchin' 'bout a jawn
End-game talkin' 'bout a bishop verse a pawn
You dead goin' to sleep, listenin' to birds chirpin'
The type of asshole to be talkin' in third person

[Chorus]

One gun, two gun, three gun, four
It ain't an adversary that's ready to go to war
One gun, two gun, three gun, four
A hundred round drum and it'll clear the fuckin' floor

[Outro]

Yeah, yeah
Pack Pistol Pazzy and all that, the Sicilian Shooter
Y'nam sayin'?
Philly in this mahfucker, yeah
That's Oh No

Lyrics.lol :: Gasmask by Vinnie Paz

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Catch hommies in hellfire, water under the bridge Tacony-Palmyra
Devotion to the blood of the lamb, and it's hail sire
The pistol pack po' with the preacher, the pale rider
This a chainsaw bayonet, homie it is modified
Crosses on this mahfucker head like it's Mardi Gras
Theology of multitude and everything it occupy
Molecules combine with further molecules and oxidize
An animal, and animal survive through the pain
This a 300 blackout disguised as a flame
Erbody takin' Ls like they ridin' the train
Y'all my offspring, why would I deprive you of fame?
I look at y'all as food homie, y'all a bunch of vics
But snitchin' what you do and I can get a bunch of ticks
It was cold nights out here, take you to task
Cut the lawn mahfuckers 'cause there's snakes in the grass
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

These mother fuckers saw a ghost, they awoken a wraith
Erbody hit the fuckin' floor or open the safe
The main pillar of the science is devotion of faith
This a Armalite rifle, it'll blow through your face
Black queen's knight I keep due to the pawn
I carry this .55 like it's Louis Vuitton
We can talk the evolution of a beautiful swan
Or we can talk the revolution, constitutional harm
Erbody wet as soon as the hammer splash
Nobody seein' nothin' like a camera flash
Shooters everywhere, B, I'm callin' mi hermano
Spark Steakhouse, homie Pauly Castellano
These is monolithic bullets, these'll riddle you red
So fuck all of y'all bitches, homie, chivalry dead
Gemstars, G36s, bayonets et cetera
It's what a motherfucker get for preying on a predator

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo, kill 'em pronto
We go, where them can't go
Carlito, Benny Blanco
We know, what them not know
Mijo mi gente, they kill 'em pronto

Sundae Bloody Sundae by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Sundae Bloody Sundae

[Chorus]

Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, I'm the ice cream man, everything is for sale
The product ain't made for touchin', homie, this isn't braille
It's only a couple flavors if you need some tree
I got 2 for 3, money, if you need some D
You hear that song, pull up, we sellin' on the corner
And don't mind the smell little homie, that's ammonia
Oh that? That's a special flavor, comes from out Slavonia
The red tops cherry heads 'cause they look like begonia
The task force there, gimme money then you go
'Cause this judge is tryna to give a brother 20 for a O
I got the plug but it's still a large fee
So why the fuck I charge you what he charge me?
Back of the line little motherfucker, 'cause you stressin' me
How you gon' ask a master chef for his recipe?
And don't ask me what I do with the stash
'Cause the smallest bit of candy get you 2 and a half, yeah

[Chorus]

Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, I'm the ice cream man, I'm connected for the re-up
But you gon' have to pay it after it's over like a prenup
We got the streetsweepers for the clean up
There's crema in the ice cream truck to cook the D up

The ice cream man kinda gully but he smart
And cookin' what he cookin', that's a culinary art
If you hang around my truck you need to buy somethin'
Why you always hangin' 'round my truck and you don't buy nothin'?
I ain't tryna to hurt nobody, I just want the dolla'
You lovin' these bitches homie, I just love my guala
My partner in the back cookin' the base
You hear that song homie, you should see the look on they face
This young boi always askin', "Why you pack the 50?!"
'Cause motherfuckers plottin' and these bitches act sadity
Thinkin' the ice cream man stressful, it's true
But I wouldn't be in business if it wasn't for you, yeah

[Chorus]

Saturday noon, with nothing to do, I hear his simple song
Cheer the children who catch him on the park
Watching kids crowd, gather around his ivory colored car
Creaks along and the ice cream man is gone

Jail Cell Recipes by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Jail Cell Recipes

[Intro]

Yeah, one two, yeah, Pack Pistol Pazzy, aight look

[Verse 1]

Elect of Allah, third king, Solomon that

The .50 Cal break your cartilage where collagen at

Shots have him face down like a Klonopin pack

They will hit you if you have a fucking problem with that ([?])

I'm where they hollerin' at

Where that Joey crack cook coke bubblin' at

I'm successful and there's people having trouble with that

That self pity you accustomed to, well wallow in that

Money, power, respect that's the key to success

This thing long King Kong when he beatin' his chest

The further into the abyss, the deeper its depths

I killed a Devil last night, god, The Reaper is next

You glorify snitches and you givin' information

You a vic and I will jerk a chicken like Jamaicans

If I had power to bring you back from the dead

I'll bring him back from the dead, so I could clap at his head

[Hook]

I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine

The God of War, the M16, the high chief

I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine

The God of War, the M16, the high chief

[Verse 2]

The truck jewelry amazin', innit?

Divine principles of the Ma'at and ancient Kemet

The breath of god we initiates of basic tendency

It's the dragon and it's war and it's Satan's pivot

I break laws while you bendin' the rules

I shoot muhfucka you just get suspended from school

If you take ten steps and draw, then it's a duel

How you learn to be a man under a tenuous rule?
And my homie from the south came through in a slab
Shotgun pump looking like I'm doing a dab
I will kick the door down catch you in the lab
Then tell the coroner that he know what to do with the task
I did some stupid shit and wrestle with bids
I'm a professional, you don't know what professional is
The gun connoisseur, don't ask me who got blickies
Pull up like them young Pirus when they popped Rickey

[Hook]

I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief
I'm the ultimate 16 bar machine
The God of War, the M16, the high chief

Tongan Death Grip by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Tongan Death Grip

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah -- 1, 2

Yo Ferrigno

1, 2 -- yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I ain't even think of swinging on you, that's a reflex

First one to test a mahfucker, that's a G check

Send this mahfucker back to God, he a defect

A celebrated martyr, I'm in Luxembourg with Liebknecht

I eat these perfect hands but hate bein' mad sluggish

How the sayin' go? Good riddance to bad rubbish

The ox all bloody, I stabbed him from frustration

The modern Thor rapper, I crack 'em like crustaceans

I was foul for a while, now I'm on some healthy shit

Still I'll aim this chopper at your head like it's a selfie stick

Riding on my enemies, I'm on my Makaveli shit

Master of the arts, I'm on my Sandro Botticelli shit

All of y'all is food to me, you nothing but a Scooby Snack

This mahfucker lost he need to get himself a Google map

Everything dirty money, even the soap

This a Beowulf infrared beam and a scope

Doma!

[Hook: Reef the Lost Cauze]

This is warfare, get your guns ready

This is warfare, hold your guns steady

This is life or death, yeah son deadly

A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me

This is warfare, get your guns ready

This is warfare, hold your guns steady

This is life or death, yeah son deadly

A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm a lion and the lion don't get left with the lambs
And you might get hit with bullets that was meant for your man's
It's no body cause the body under desolate sands
And I'm mean to money, money, I'ma press up the bands
This mahfucker think that he tough 'cause his man husky
He gettin' what's coming to him like he's Sandusky
The SP old and the records is mad dusty
It's a Mossberg 5 on the pump in the tan duffy
I was mad reckless, behavior was wild rowdy
So I just had to take that charge like I'm Kyle Lowry
I will snatch a dickhead chain and smile proudly
It's kings among the king's, possession and hail Crowley (hail Crowley)
This is where the shelterin' stops
'cause you never too old to take an L from your pops
This the throne of God homie, give the seraph his crown
And I'm bloodthirsty, it's a new sheriff in town
Yeah

[Hook: Reef the Lost Cauze]

This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me
This is warfare, get your guns ready
This is warfare, hold your guns steady
This is life or death, yeah son deadly
A motherfuckin' G 'til the sun melt me

God's Shadow by Vinnie Paz

[Intro] (Biggie Smalls)

I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] Yeah

(Biggie Smalls) I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] 1,2

(Biggie Smalls)

I don't give a fuck about you

I'm not runnin'

I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] Yeah

I don't give a fuck about you

[Vinnie Paz] Yeah, look, yeah

(Biggie Smalls) I don't give a fuck about you

I'm not runnin'

[Verse 1]

In '86 everyone was smokin' them OooWeez

I was in front of the mirror and tryna be Cool C

Me and Chico was inseperable then

We would day dream about bein' legends again

'87 came but really, pa, shit ain't changed

We was playin Just-Ice and absorbin' his pain

It's the middle of the crack era, I ain't complain

There was money everywhere, it was part of the game

I was tryna write rhymes but I knew they was wack

I was young and I was dumb and I knew it was that

I heard Steady B rhyme and I knew it was crack

See these records change everything, crucial to that

It's the end of the 80s that's when Chic moved to Cali

My father died too, it was loneliness around me

It was hard tryna put all of this shit in perspective

And the only thing I had was my records

[Hook]

I seen so many men get blast and pass away

I had to say bye, bye, bye

I had to say bye, bye, bye (I'm not runnin')

And all these pills I take can't make shit go away

I said nah, nah, nah
I had to say nah, nah, nah
(I'm not runnin')

[Verse 2]

The 90s came and I started drinkin' for the first time, smokin' for my first time, then I sniffed my first line
Chic came back from Cali and we was wildin'
13 bum rushin' Macy's, we was violent
The pen game started gettin' a little better
Drinkin' 40z outside no matter the weather
But I was shy about the rhymin' and shit
I was timid, no one knew about the rhymin' and shit
I kept it to myself, pa, that's what I resign to
Then Chic would get drunk like "Vinnie can outrhyme you"
And I ain't had no choice it was battle or bitch
So I started choppin' heads and I channeled and missed
I battled on a L and I battled on the block
And I battled in a cell and I battled to the top
I battled a bunch of rappers you would know right now
And I chopped they fuckin' heads but you won't find out
But that got old quick, I started makin' tapes
The tapes turned to records and the records turned to fate
But I'd still go back if I had that chance
It was simple then, I ain't have to do that dance

[Hook]

I seen so many men get blast and passed away
I had to say bye, bye, bye
I had to say bye, bye, bye (I'm not runnin')
And all these pills I take can't make shit go away
I say nah, nah, nah
I had to say nah, nah, nah
(I'm not runnin')

[Outro] (Biggie Smalls)

I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'
I don't give a fuck about you, I don't give a fuck about you
I'm not runnin'

Daultow Night Eagle by Vinnie Paz

[INTRO: Doug Levison]

[Sample: Lil' Fame]

Step in the ring and I'll break yo ass up cuz I don't play clown

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah (Hahaha)

Yeah, yeah

A'ight, yeah

I'm gettin tired of destroying his hopes

But my back against the wall like Floyd on the ropes

This a .300 Blackout toyin' with Ghost

Take a big metal spoon if you boliiin' dopes (Boilin' dopes)

This yoppa gone tear apart his entrails

Send kites tryna get this mail like we pen pals

Break a motherfucker like Gore akhi with windmills

Forbear twelve Arabian tribes Ishmael

Your girl I stepped on watered down like skim milk

Nothing here stepped on part of this is fish scale

There's several ways you can honor the vet

And if you wanna talk to me you gonna talk with respect

I wish you dumb muhfuckas didn't do what you done

Bunch of Voletta Wallace's that's losing a son

I'm done with you dirtbags you gone sing for the State

And tell ya shorty she a thot and to bring me a plate, stupid

[Sample: Douglas Levison]

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything, SUCKA!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

This muhfucka like a joke of the town

What you laughin' for you in the same boat when it drown

I'ma chill, I'ma have a little Coke with the Crown

Coke by the ounce, money movin' dope by the pound

How you gonna let a veteran starve

And the timer's running out you better get on ya job

Put the microdots in and just let it dissolve

You will never find a shooter with a better resolve

I'm just tired of you muhfuckas matter of fact

I'ma let this Bulldog bark that'll be that (Dat dat dat dat dat dat!)

You ain't gettin' nada gimme my collateral back

This is Gucci it was several thousand mackerels for that

Everything can change for you one slip of the tongue

And the bigger that the chopper then the bigger the drum

On my lap is a pistol gripped pump

You a bitch you about to be a pistol whipped punk

[Sample] (Douglas Levison)

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything

You nothing

You nothing

How dare you?

How dare you?

You will never be anything, SUCKA!

You suck

You're a no-talent

If you really had talent go practice and then get yourself a gig instead of ruining the end of the day for everybody down here

You disgrace

You're everything that has gone wrong in this world

You're a self consumed, no talent, mediocre piece of shit and I've earned my right to say it

Who the fuck are you?

You nothing

You nothing

You are nothing and you will never be anything, never

How dare you?

How dare you?

You miserable, mediocre, NOTHING!

Blood on My Hands by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Blood on My Hands

[Intro]

"I don't really like to hear the squealing animals in the cemeteries, when they do their rituals, but they give me free vodka!"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Y'all ain't about nothin', I'm bustin' a hundred rounds at you
I'm Pack Pistol Pazzo, I'm poppin' like 40 rounds at you
This bulldog barks and it mean that I'm sickin' hounds on you
We puff a pound or a two, Pazienza just insurmountable
The Goma-2 raw, and the substance wasn't compoundable
It's bodies everywhere and they try to hold me accountable
The Burberry bag is boujee and booty bountiful
The bankroll blickie, the names ain't even pronounceable
It ain't a ounce of you that could fathom havin' a bout at you
The weaponry is wonderous, numbers ain't even calculable
I stomp you out and pull the Beretta, money, it's marvelous
The gladiator war, fight with Gannicus, this is Spartacus!
The seventy disciples of Judaizers is the Barnabas
A reconstruction of the Acropolis beg us pardon us
The deeper the abyss is the deeper into the Tartarus
The AK diesel, the drum is a hippopotamus

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body!
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, y'all still about nothin', I'm choppin' you with a tomahawk
Allah hates a coward, you do a lot of vagina talk

It's "as-salamu alaykum", I greet him with lots of Gaza talk
Headshot medulla oblongata on a plaza walk
I caught too many homi's, now it's time for me to find a morgue
Go here a rhymer dawg, it's another vagina monologue
I'll take you to a digital death, the place with no analog
I have your bones shakin', I break 'em like marijuana laws
It ain't no other boss that's as ill as me, son, it's lunacy
The leftist ideology killin' the black community
You need a couple bodies, just give me the opportunity
You milli mild muhfuckers is makin' buffoonery
It ain't no unity, ain't no talkin' it out, it's hammer time
I'm movin', B, but I don't be talkin', I'm like a pantomime
And I don't think that bein' a pussy should be romanticized
I run with motherfuckers that's diddy-boppin' and vandalize

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body!
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!
He a dead man walkin'—that's a body!
Get his head popped talkin'—that's a body!
This a hundred round drum—that's a body! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta)
Where we from? That's the slum—that's a body!

Floating Goat by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

God of our father's hear me the wicked seek to rule the Earth and mock your will. Show them your wrath!
Destroy the guilty lest the innocent perish

Yeah, Muggs: The Black Goat, Pazienza

Yeah, yeah

Raise the gates!

[Verse 1]

This a headshot, homie, and I broke the balloon
They was plottin' there, homie, it was smoke in the room
This is blacked-out everything, cold in the womb
This is three faces of fear, the Dungeon of Doom
See it's drugs here, opium, Iranian gangs
The devil is long-horned, he like Damion James
How he talkin' hammers when he can't e'en hold a tool right?
This .50 Cal have 'em all sleeping like a school night
Listen, this gun is a small stalker
That make your body burst into flames like it's Paul Walker
Laser light bayonet, really, it's the sharpest
From experience, the first milli' is the hardest
Death comin' soon, pa, it's chilly in this darkness
The place that I'm from called Philly and it's heartless
It's game time, money, caught a body off the whip
Just another John Doe with his body in the ditch

[Verse 2]

Yeah, Cobra Kai, Daniel LaRusso
Fire at close range, pa, Antetokounmpo
I been doing this, I got workers on the night shift
I was denied bail, judge said I was a flight risk
Still sharp as steel, muhfucka, I'm a sharpener
Perry was a wanderer, Isa was a carpenter
Atilla the Hun, barbarian, the conqueror
He Babalawo Regla de Ocha, I'm a conjurer
All these scallywags carry leather sword sheaths
It's fertile soil there, unexplored heaths
This Mossberg like the God of Thunder, Thor, speaks

A shooter work is never done until his gourd leaks
A dead man said he got his power from the tomb
I can tell you pussy, you the loudest in the room
I made one call, look at all the soldiers that came
This a different era, pussy, but the code is the same

Byzantine Jewelry by Vinnie Paz

(Intro)

Yeah yeah yeah, yeah

Yo yo yo (Yo yo)

Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)

Yo yo yo (Yo yo)

Yo yo

[Verse 1: Vinnie]

Yo, son duck down the alleyway

Hot shots have him screaming like Cab Calloway

You can hear the hooting and hollering from like a mile away

I run with fast-hoes who see a vic and salivate

I don't touch the work, that's just something that I allocate

Sectarian split, ineffectual Caliphate

It's goma on the scale and difficulty to calibrate

Don't ask me about nothing, no I ain't trying to collaborate

He saw an angel in the Lazarus pit

This that Yahweh real king of Nazareth shit

I ain't the one that you should walk into the labyrinth with

And I ain't the motherfucker you should saddle with shit

The dart spray semi-automatic like a ooh-wop

Spit the rhyme then I bounce the master like a doo-wop

It's a 249 and it's colder than hell

And I treat these assholes like they JoJo the Whale

(Put 'em in da fuckin' bat-troom)

[Chorus]

Yeah yeah yeah

Yeah, yo yo yo (Yo yo)

Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)

Yo yo yo

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Look

In a resort, in a housebed

Your money short 'cause your mouth big

Tryna put to much food in his mouth pit

We take trips back and forth down south kid (Freeway Ricky Ross)

It's detrimental if you telling me after
Hop with the Jet Set, Jello Biafra
Panic in Needle Park, a 70s master
Suicide, there's a ebony plaster
The product duffel is a khaki tan
Snake in the Eagle's Shadow lord, Jackie Chan
Make salah on my din like an Iraqi man (Allahu Akbar)
It's fetty absolute green like it's Barry Mann
This ain't the Devil's dirt this is rare soot
The shoemaker children go barefoot
The way you die isn't fate it's a choice
Watch your bombaclot mouth, take the bass out your voice

[Outro]

Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah, yo yo yo (Yo yo)
Yeah yeah yeah (Yeah yeah yeah)
Yo yo yo (Yo yo)
(Aight)

Pray for Sleep by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1]

Yeah, I'ma let the shotty blow
His head go a different direction to where his body go
A fraction of a second is the time it takes his mind to go
Either way his body going down like he Bohannon
We bare arms like a designer show
I feed the raw and always keep a 4 on me like honour roll
How you talking money when you never see no kinda dough
Broke mafuckas, ass out like Rihanna though
You hearin screams and they say they shot
I got nines and a sack like I'm JJ Watt
They think they nice but fans gon' = say they not
It's like a bomb Vietnam when that AK pop
I don't be in y'all little cities it's no action
This Wilson Combat go through you like Bo Jackson
See we all gorillas here strapped with all the blammers now
I pass em off after I use them like they a hand-me-down

[Verse 2]

Yeah, We gun running like the track team
Why you talking stats without knowing what the stats mean?
The 50 Cal got bodies on it but the MAC clean
My dunny gon' rob for me piedras like a crack fiend
And I ain't wanna take it there, but this the way it has to be
Sometimes it takes collateral damage to make a masterpiece
I lost my motherfucking mind and it ain't coming back to me
When dunny got knocked it's like I lost the other half of me
Me and you can look alike, distinction is the bread different
Shorty and her sister look alike but the hair different
The new Hudson H9 get your head shifted
Disrespect is never tolerated you get air lifted
Cool when papi cooking but he drawn on what the cinnamon
I had to go inside my bag, I'm calling the Dominicans
I appreciate y'all, here it's a small token
You talking all the time real killas is soft-spoken

Hashem on a Pentagram by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Hashem on a Pentagram

[Intro: Sample]

In a music field you got people who really are into the occult and into Satan, and then you got some who probably playing games, but no matter how you cut it, they're propagating Satan, they're propagating the demonic mind, the occultic world and I think it's a devastating frame on our culture...

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, one-two!

Yeah, one-two!

One-two (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)

Yeah, one-two!

Yeah!

Yeah, Gore Elohim

ILL BILL, look

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Watch the semi-automatic air the fucking world out

Big shit, I'm hitting every house like I'm a Girl Scout

I don't trust a soul homie, I'm throwing this referral out

Jail monster, dumbbells, concentration, curls out

Bloodbath, headshot, tell 'em through a telegram

Samhain Initium, Hashem upon a Pentagram

Duality of two triangles is the hexagram

Scheming on you (????!) like a Mexican

Nighthawk, custom made shells and a vest

And my OG sitting in a cell and he stressed

Doing 2301 and he smelling depressed

And the sun sets here but it fell in the west

Ask about me homie, I will aim at the throne

Say goodnight to the bad guy, Razor Ramon

You ain't on my level, not an honorable mention

And this bullet focused on you undivided attention, toma!

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

Twelve tribes of Israel

Twelve point five for half a block of fish scale

Let me get a sniff there
You better sniff it too so I feel I can trust you
Make me feel like that scene from Scarface, I'll crush you
Fuck Frank, fuck Seidelbaum and fuck Mel too
Pop you in the stomach like, boom, I bring doom
I'm that MF Goon, my shooters look like Jon Hamm
What the fuck is happening? The world has gone ham
I can't believe it's bacon, bayonets attached to AKs
What's shakin', go get your cake in
We move indistinguishably, discreetly
Within the shadows we decide what the streets see
A cross between Tony Yayo and Roy DeMeo
Bandana Scott Baio, Machete Danny Trejo
Eddie Iron Maiden, sword pentagram slayer
Never trust a fiend who swear he'll pay you for that gram later

[Verse 3: Goretex]

I'm on Venice Beach ripping waves, whores and selling leak
Got a hundred project animals, we dying to eat
We active as fuck, these dividends in Panama bucks
Futuristic, my shooters roll up in Amazon trucks
Circus of power, Rocky Dennis kids on powder
Topple regime like Nicky Scarfo, Betty White and the sour
Cocaine barrels produced in rainforests for Pharaohs
Uncle Howie taught me how to cut the juice with the flour
Consumer racketeer, rap Norman Lear, stickups in '89 gear
Focus on the Gods in the field
Bricks like betty whip, Mr. Majestyk hit, heavy metal shit
Dashikis and slacks run some Crazy Eddie shit
Half Fenriz, half Salvie Testa, ravioli stretcher
Inverted church we out to lunch take our holy measures
Shoppers of medicine you wretch is a vegetable
Like an Ed Repka painting I come to life when I'm deading you

[Outro: Sample]

Across this country and Canada, Satanic graffiti is turning up on public buildings and abandoned buildings. The police suspects secret meetings are being held by people calling themselves "Satanists", people who worship the Devil. Most often found; the inverted five pointed Satanic pentagram, the upside down cross, the evil eye, references to Babylon and the Devil's number

Masked Stickups by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Masked Stickups

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

One, two

Yeah

Yo Stallone, I got 4 bars here or I got 8?

Aight

Aight look

Yeah

Check me out

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I'm faithful to God, I'm so fuckin' faithful it hurt

That's why every bar and every rhyme take 'em to church

And once the body drop it go straight to the earth

And how you understand clean if you ain't played in the dirt?

Look, let me put it to you simple and plain

How these hollow tips take you through the center of pain

Shoot a fuckin' eye never talk to a fool

And a vic gon' be a vic, off with the jewels

You could have it either way, pa Glock or the pump

Either way you gon' take these shots like a drunk

Lucas weaponry, it's all types of shit I could get

It's mad body parts, all types shit I could hit

I got airplane, all type of shit I could get

Then there's rocket fuel, all types of shit I could flip

And ya'll gonna have to accept the God sickenin'

Aim the shwammy, it's gonna splash 'em like Rod Strickland

[Chrous]

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

20 plus years and still invincible

You ain't get touched for what you did, it's the principle

I don't bridge gaps cuz the gap is unbridgeable

Theoretically the probability conditional

Don't bring shirk around here, it's unpermissible

Actin' like my place in the game isn't pivotal

Faith called faith cuz it isn't too visible

Conflict stem from stolen African mineral

Cousin where you at?

I see 'em, I got a visual

The horror I'mma bring to his out-of-body is criminal

No matter how hard you try, you not at the pinnacle

All bark and no bite, you too typical

Celebrate mediocrity and do the minimal

Everything come back round, it's too cyclical

You don't get the raw anymore, that's additional

The cold price high and the body count biblical

[Chorus]

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

I could have your mans disappear if I wanted to

Funny how shit seem clear when the gun at you

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Brrrrr stick up, ha ha ha, stick up

Hollow Light Severed Sun by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Hollow Light Severed Sun

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...

Yeah...

One-Two

Yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

He got the Derringer, he got the fifth

He got the Panama, he got the piff

He like an animal, he got the gill

He with the Sufis, and he with a bid

He in his mental and physical prime

He moving weight, it's not nickels and dimes

He like a DAT in a digital time

Aleister Crowley and ritual rhyme

Demons and nephilim virtual dream

That is a part of the personal theme

That dummy give you a verse for a bing

That dummy dirty he work with the fiends

You doin' nothing I'm licking a shot

You ain't got nothing you piss in a pot

You be in a lift and I be in the drop

I be with my family, you be with a opp

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

You been in hiding we went to your house

You ran up the stairs and you left from your couch

You knew he was there just to dent in your mouth

You look like a rat but you dead like a mouse

I was in county I went for the ride

Hopped in the whip and attempted to slide

Used to be peace but the sentiment died

You was a thief and the rest of you died

He getting money he borrowed like bocce

He moving keys just like he Liberace

He nice with the hands but he good with the shotty

The new projectile gon' rip through your body

Out here in Philly it's cold and it's dark

Nobody smilin' and nobody talk

Nine out of ten will be holding a hawk

Twenty years later and who would've thought

[Chorus]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

Woah

Cold in Philadelphia by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Left my home with just my jeans, my money and a stash
Aimed to Philadelphia, I need a place to crash
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

His name was Pasquale and he came here from Sicily
He came here alone at 17 no family
The government told him he was a natural born criminal
Compared to primates and said his intellect was minimal
They told him southern Italians were savages and rapists
But he was only here to look for work and they was racist
He just wanted to find a wife and have children
But had to live in fear because they were Sicilians
Trouble communicating because he ain't speak the language
If you don't know English then you ain't nothing but baggage
Started his own business with some money that he saved up
But nobody supported his business, he almost gave up
Stuck it out, worked hard, livin' in a shanty
Found himself a wife then he had himself a family
He still dealt with discrimination but wasn't mad
And fear is a great motivator in man
Decades later his family comfortable with clout
And most of them will want to build a wall and keep him out!

[Chorus]

Excuse me please sir, if you will, can you spare a dime?
Do you have a cigarette to help me pass the time?
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

His name Abdullah he here to escape Assad
He need to find a home and a place he can pray to God
A full-scale civil war broke out in Syria
Uprising turned violent country in hysteria
In Syria he a doctor in Philly he sort boxes

His wife and 4 children in a 2 room apartment
He work all hours of the night making garments
His sons worked after school shifts at the market
Airstrikes and raids forced them out of their home
So they left for Jordan overnight prayed to get through
3 years in Jordan then they finally made it here
The older daughters had to go to Spain and disappear
Back in Philly Abdullah struggling to make the rent
Winter coming soon but the heating bill spent
His sons picked on in school, suffer from embarrassment
They been here for a year and only speak Arabic
They stayed where they was, they would be killed by Assad
But the trouble and the struggle is fulfilling to God

[Chorus]

Can't find work because my hair has got to be too long
Cold in Philadelphia, I tried to get along
Cold in Philadelphia
Cold in Philadelphia

Lyrics.lol :: Gracious by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Uno

Dos

Tres

Quatro

I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living, day to day
And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I couldn't count all the blessings I had
My mama happy, my son good
What else could I ask?
I'm thankful for hard times and the lessons they pass
And I'm grateful for having answers to the questions I asked
I'm grateful for sight, I'm grateful to hear
When I was younger I was everything I hated I swear
I thought the world was out to get me in a state of despair
Just an egotistical asshole, my faith was impaired
I always was complainin' and I always was the victim
It never was my fault and it always was the system
You think the world owe you something, you wrong
And worship means sincere thankfulness to Allah
I'm thankful for the ability to say when I'm wrong
Thank you for this opportunity to play you this song
I'd like to thank every single one of y'all for riding with me
Y'all made all my dreams come true and united with me
Yeah!

[Chorus]

Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living

And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I thank you for the ability to learn from mistakes
I'm grateful for hard work, I had to learn what it takes
I'm thankful for hard times when it burns and it aches
'Cause it remind me of the blessings been bestowed on my plate
I'm indebted to every one of y'all that ever bought a record
To anyone who's stolen I'm still thankful that you checked it
I'm thankful for my homies who don't ever get the credit
'Cause God know that being my homie, it takes some effort
I'm grateful I'm unconditionally loved by my family
Even when shit was ugly and they didn't understand me
I never got a gold record, never won a Grammy
But God been my protector and that's why the devil fear me
I'm grateful that my son still love to hug his papa
I'm grateful that Allah gave him to me, it's an honor
I'm seeing things more clearly now so I'm thankful
So I just had to take a minute out and tell you thank you

[Chorus]

Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
Thank you for the way to love
Thank you for the world I'm thinking of
I bet it's easier to look the other way
So glad to go on living
And today, if maybe we forget about the helpless hand
So sad because he's wishing his life away

A Power Governments Cannot Suppress by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

A Power Governments Cannot Suppress

[Intro: Howard Zinn]

One of the things we might learn from history, is that the government's interests are not necessarily the same as ours

In fact, are rarely the same as ours. Because if you think the government's interests are the same as yours, then you think - "Well if something is going wrong it must be that they made a mistake 'cause they really care about us"

They don't care about us!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

The greatest beneficiary of Reagan years was corporations

Wealthy businessmen and ministers of foreign nations

Bush promised that he would save the environment

Signed the Clean Air Act and had the public buyin' it

Two years after that, we see it as imprudence

The EPA allowed tons of hazardous pollutants

Little money was allocated for the enforcement

Contaminated drinkin' water, everywhere was dormant

But business worries override the safety of the public

Ecological breakdowns and nobody would publish

When Reagan got elected and he finally took to office

He spent a quarter million dollars on his livin' quarters

He built the military even more, and paid for it with cuts and benefits for the poor

He made 140 billion cuts in social programs

Human consequences wasn't justified to no man

He said that he still balanced the budget

Wassily Leontief guaranteed that he wouldn't

The 80's were the triumph of upperclass America

Ascendancy of the rich, the poor he would bury ya

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

The gap between the rich and the poor grew dramatically

Black families were hit the hardest, be emphatically

Lack of resources, and racial discrimination

Broken homes, drug addiction, incarceration

Instead of trying to help the people out of this position, politicians called for the building of more prisons

Reagan lied about Iran, lied to Nicaragua, lied about the Soviets and lied about the Contras
He sold arms to Iran, all of it was cited but plausible denial is why he ain't get indicted
Oli North stood trial, the jury found him guilty but he ain't do no time because the motherfucker's filthy
Reagan sent Marines into a crazy situation
Two hundred died in Lebanon 'cause it was dangerous
After that he sent forces into Grenada, congress was notified but not consulted, that's a horror
What good's a show of force if you never use it?
That's the way that Reagan's mind worked and he abused it
Why do people die in countries we invading? So we can make it clear that violence was understated

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

Reagan's raid on Libya, that was terrorist
Bombs fell on a crowded city, a hundred victims
The Cold War? Let me relay you the facts
The foreign policy just delayed the collapse
The U.S. policy motivated by Fed, to justify the suppression of independent care
The military budget was 280 billion, Colin Powell said he wanna scare the world's civilians
In order to boost his popularity with voters
Bush went to war with Iraq and hid the motives
He abandoned sanctions and said it was for protection
He only chose war because the presidential elections
Who believed that we would liberate Kuwait?
When we invaded other countries every single week
You think that they could build a nuclear bomb?
They was 10 years away from having nuclear bombs
Less than half of us favored military action
No blood for oil was the citizen's reaction
Officials lied about small bombs, American reporters were kept from the war's harm

[Verse 4: Vinnie Paz]

Clinton got in and appointed people of color
But he abandoned them when they started working together
He spoke of a new government for a new century
Invoked Dr. King's name, compared their philosophy
Recalled Dr. King's dream of racial equality
But put more blacks in prison than anybody in history
Continued the military budget in Cold War levels
It doesn't matter the party, homie, they all devils
Approved the FBI attack on Koresh
Fire swept through the whole building burning flesh
His crime bill got a lot of attention but it emphasized punishment, not prevention

Persuaded voters he was tough on crime
But tougher is dumber when you give 'em double the time
Clinton removed welfare benefits from immigrants
Legal or illegal, most of y'all don't know the difference
Who did the Free Trade Agreement really preserve?
Why the number of prisoners doubled when Clinton served?
Domination of the media was there to vaccinate
If god intended us to vote, he would've gave us candidates

[Verse 5: Vinnie Paz]

Bush verse Gore, that was your decision
Both support the death penalty and broke the prisons
Nader ran too but the media denyin' it
He emphasized education, healthcare environment
Half the country didn't even vote and that's a sign
Appealin' to class warfare that no one's buying
Gore received hundreds of thousands or more votes
Proof the electoral process is a joke
Bush took office and pushed tax cuts for the wealthy
Opposed environmental regulations for the money
Nine months into his presidency, 9/11
Immediately declared a war on terrorism
He said that they were Saudi, said it was the Taliban
Then he ordered the bombing of Afghanistan
You kill our civilians, we kill y'all civilians
How the fuck that make sense when we all civilians?
Wartime presidents do wartime shit
That's why wartime presidents can suck my dick
There were minority voices that were criticizing war
You can't match violence or violence should be the law
We stationed troops in Saudi on the holiest of shrines
Military aid for occupying Palestine
Killing innocents Arabs would come back to haunt us
And stupid motherfuckers sit and wonder why they bomb us

[Outro]

If you're like me, you have a lot of friends who are depressed
A lot of friends who go around very gloomy, think the world is coming to an end
You can understand people feeling depressed, you can understand people feeling desperate
Because the truth is, we're faced with evil
There's an enormous number of people who care about the world and about the country, wanna do something

about it

And those numbers are going to grow, so long as people persist and don't give up



VINNIE PAZ ✕ TRAGEDY KHADAFI

CAMOUFLAGE REGIME

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Bloody Jungle by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

Pistolero Pazzy and all that

Stu Ferrigno

Yeah

Look, aight, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]:

Bumbaclot, you could die out here

This a different set of rules we abide by here

Them yoppas is always out, we do drive-bys here

Y'all are hippies, Vinnie don't allow tie-dye here

This the book of Exodus, it's Mount Sinai here

You get punched in the fucking face for looking side-eyed here

No hablo inglés, pardner, we play salsa here

I got shooters that took a charge they like ta-ta here

Chop his fucking head, cock it back for the click-clack

Stray shots hit 'em in the abdomen the six pack

The 40. Cal bullets size smaller than a tic-tac

Beretta 84 Cheetah hit em like a Chit sack

The Taurus jammed too much, pa, so I can't bother

The Nighthawk blammin', it touch you like Bambaattaa

How many more of y'all gon' be catching the fate?

And everybody mad looking at the mess that I made

Stupid!

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Don't have me push a button flyin' all type of kites

Deprive you of oxygen, deprive you of life
Slugs flyin' out of nines inside your windpipes
This the difference between survivin' and living life
Stop the barkin' before I make the gun bite
My faculty's in order, underworld supporter
Sodom Gomorrah, sodomize mics for four quarters
Get it the hustle, hustle to get it that's off the muscle
Queue the apocalypse, the iron jungle
A hundred miles runnin' N****as Wit' Attitude'll gun you
Look what it come to, set it out when the god come through
Tranquilo or humble, more dope than a bundle
War tactics, artifacts, it's all actual
Khadaf no gay, Khadaf no play, Khadaf the
Black Caeser you sweeter than Stevie J
(You sweeter than Stevie J)
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Tragedy Khadafi]
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Outro]
(C'mon stop it)
(C'mon stop it)
Stop

Canaan's Bracelet by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Canaan's Bracelet

[Intro]

9 Millimeter (Point 8)

A 38 revolver it really hurts

I had 6 of them in me It hurts real bad

(Real Bad)

That's why right now I issue then receivin' I ships it

Guys don't fight anymore

(They don't do what we do)

They used to fight but they don't do that anymore

Guns, all about shootin'

(Takin' em' out)

When it comes to the homefront (right) that's when we use them

(Yes) and when he comes shootin' us we go back and shoot him

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Pistol grip pump on my lap it's armed robbery

My ahki did 3 in the feds like he Ron Isley

You wanna go gun for gun, then come party

And if this gon' be a jihad then bomb wisely

Batiman, homie you the walking definition

Allah know I'd rather ask for forgiveness than permission

I'm on my square, ain't no one can knock me out position

This ain't a rhyme, ahki, this a fucking demolition

I'm from Philly homie, everywhere is gunfire

Glock .40 cripple you, I'm out before the blood dry

Every living thing grow from a seed

And these bullets got your name on 'em, I hope you can read

See this semi-auto ugly but it definitely jam

So it's 2 revolvers on me like Yosemite Sam

Camouflage Regime, what the fuck you expect?

I ain't asking homie just give me my fucking respect

Toma!

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

5-star [?] elite Akhbar

Lines harder than penitentiary bars just to beat the odds
Splash you in bodily parts, your arm is getting scarred
Young gun, I been a don, no rapper can hold 'em on
Any track on impact I spit my whole gorilla on
Do more than just kill a song
Physically i murder the track 'til the beats soul is gone
Intense heat inside of my lines hot as a sun core
Look what I'm ridin' for
Basically was born to score, boss you should honor more
Just a diamond in force clappin' your whole squadron off
Yeah whack rappers were crossed
Makhti never endorsed
I just pay to knock 'em off, and enforcin' the holocaust
[?] inside the booth tossin' molotovs
Black Mikhail Gorbachev, the hood Hyman Roth
Narcotic lines are raw, watch how I just get 'em off
If I stepped away the whole rap game be at a total loss

[Verse 3: Iron Sheikh]

They say the Iron Sheikh hotter than hell but the soul thirsty
The game over you could hang it up like the old derbys
Blow purpy hoes curvy like Nicole Murphy
The chrome hurky, but the clip long like old slurpys
Flow murky hoes slurp me on this gold journey
My heroine is medicine, who goin' cold turkey?
You'll die alone and buy and moan eating firestones
I supply the bros who supply the bros
I buy the clothes for the flyest hoes, that's a lot of dough
I supply the bros who supply the bros
That's a lot of dope
I gotta go
Pina colada flows Prada coats
Custom made Gabbana boats with a lotta dope
No tears dripping for beer sippers
Ancient prayer scriptures
Gucci flare zippers with weird slippers

[?]

[Verse 4: Agallah]

On Allah, that's my word we ain't taking no L's
Let off the 5th, after that I'ma pick up the shells

One of my verses get the whole team out on bail
Another verse put the Colombian up on the scale
Put the hammer to the nail I am just setting the sail
Make me do time but nah man my mind won't fail
Coach to this lifestyle, you gotta follow the grail
Sloppy with your gun work I see you leaving a trail
Paz, Tragedy and Agallah helluva combo
Mafia snipe n***as, no Sammy Gravano's
Gambino shit n***a, it's mano e mano
Multiple gunshot wounds like Paul Castellano
Yeah, 'cause my n***as, they wanna kill, kill, kill
I try and tell them n***as chill, chill, chill
N***as thirsty, they wanna see the blood all spill
You a vampire n***a, you should sharpen your grill
Caste you in a 3D printer man we like Gomorrah
I can tell a killer by his looks and his aura
Le Coq Sprotif, catch me in some Diadoras
Stand my ground like the whole state of Florida
What

A Warrior's Fate by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Yeah, yo

But no one said that, yo

But no one said that, yeah

[Chorus]

It's the power, man, power of attraction

Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction

Yeah, make motion, this that raw action

Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

It's the power, man, power of attraction

Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction

Yeah, make motion, this that raw action

Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, Ayatollah optics, government-issued missiles under the Masjed

You know Khadaf is the most lethargic, not the average homo sapien

He's too amazing in the art of rap

Due to the fact that's what they made in him

Top of the food chain, he got that grade-A in him

Salute 'em or shoot 'em, praise 'em or spray 'em

That's why a lotta n***as hate him but few got the heart to play him

Bridge signers, Bridge boys be the illest rhymers

Nothing above 'em, gotta love 'em, cowards get behind 'em

Radiant glow so you know you can never outshine 'em

Khadafi and Vinnie Paz is more G than the Masonic lodge is

Synagogues and demi-gods, shooters and riders

I close my eyes with dollar signs stay under my eyelids

Certified most live is the opposite of mine is legendary and timeless

Salute 'em and pay homage

(Pay homage, pay homage)

(Salute 'em and pay homage)

[Chorus]

It's the power, man, power of attraction

Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction

Yeah, make motion, this that raw action

Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I ain't sweatin' y'all, homie, y'all ain't nothing to sweat
It only take one shot, pa, Russian Roulette
If you feelin' froggy, muhfucka double the bet
This a M-27 and the muzzle is wet
Here's a couple racks for you, I could cover your debt
And I play with fire, homie, it's no struggle to sweat
I got angels looking over me, it's bundles of wet
I got two yappas on me and they sung a duet
How this bummy motherfucker think he started a war?
That's just funny, money, I ain't never saw it before
It's wolves here, ahki, you should never leave your food around
Vinnie a gorilla and the jungle is my proven ground
Real G's keep they money in a rubber band
Mask off, coming through the window like I'm Bruh-Man
It's a gun brawl, homey, it's a blicky invitation
And you don't want smoke, that's a sticky situation

[Chorus]

It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in
It's the power, man, power of attraction
Elevatin', add on, ain't no subtraction
Yeah, make motion, this that raw action
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

[Outro]

It's the power, man
Time to dub all the lames and put all the facts in

Jummah Rituals by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Woe unto them that speak to do evil. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Degrees ain't for everybody, messages encrypted
It's full metal jacket, it just dead'ed his existence
It's opps everywhere, I'm just trying to keep a distance
Inshallah, I won't be met with any resistance
We are waiting on janazah akh, its coming this millennia
This weaponry is heavenly, its coming outta Chechnya
Declare war on the kafir
It's universal movement and I saw it at the Ka'bah
Sunnah of the prophet, akhi, that's divine rule
The scowl on my face, like a '89 Cube
Talking out the side of your face will get your fuckin' wife dragged
There's over 600 pounds of goma in the rice bag
Golden door Ka'bah and it's covered by the Kiswah
God created all, word to mother, that's a mitzvah
Bullet hit the chest, this is shots of Patron
It's written in black and white, pa, Stockton - Malone

[Chorus]

Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, we the innovators
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, basically, the innovators

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yeah, yo, yo, hey, yo Illmatic, I been roped
Found makhi, I been dope
High dose of bubblegum kush mixed with indo
Stock kikko, 'fore I spit your whole shit, though
I'm a sniper, spit harder than any lifer

I'm a Maybach RV, you just a Chrysler, huh
Mob cigar shit, need 16 bars to leave that deposit
Tragic, spit acid, your flesh get dissolved with uniform garments
Murderers and the harlots, clip asserter, squeezing harder all on my targets
Ground fire like Godzilla in satans varmints
I'ma killer, but blow slugs and I'ma dodge it
C'est la vie, in and out of these I'm getting carsick
Basically under both of my armpits, I'm armed with
Something that a jewish rabbi would say is islamic
I spit juraassic cadavars colossally rollick right in the blood
So, y'all feeling my shit scarlet, mad my grammar
Spit hotter than any lava is
Diabolical don boss they get involved with
Part of me give regards for more room to breathe hardly
Yeah, God blessed me with everything I need, so move graciously
More roar than any 1/8th a key, that's why you hatin' me
Insecure, basically
Queens, home of double-L, flyer on acapell

[Chorus]

Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoins or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, we the innovators
Peasants and the kings, movers and the shakers
Players and the haters, bitcoin or the paper
Scope with the laser, minor or the majors
We the most gracious, basically, the innovators

Fibre Optic Weapons by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Cinema Dialogue Snippet]

Is this true? You refuse to worship my statue?

O' King! We do not need to defend ourselves before you in this matter

Oh, really? Then you shall be thrown into the furnace and no god will save you from my hand

If we are thrown into the blazing furnace, our God will defend us from it, and if he does not, we want you to know, O' King, that we will not serve your God, or worship your statue

Enough! You dare to defy me? Let the furnace be heated sevenfold! Bind them and cast them into the fire

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo, yo, yo, I ain't gotta get on my knees, Mahdi is too gracious

Tracking devices in the bag, I ain't gotta chase it

Anti-everything, except green, I'm a racist

Levels to the game and all type of wild stages

Scarred up inside the booth, you embrace my rages

Connected with Vinnie and pass me a bag of lasers

Innovative, fire lines like all my food is cajun

Headshots take 'em out, so we do more than graze 'em

Lines like it came from the mind of Wes Craven

Product of struggle and pain, basically what it gave 'em

Something you could only find inside the deepest pavement

Like God or Satan, made the most foulest arrangement

Still banging and still reporting, look how he lay 'em

Forever right for the course, the boss, look how he lay 'em

[Chorus]

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, for the B-boys, kid

[Verse 2: ILL BILL]

We seen the presidents in black robes and pointy hoods

Up to no good, worshipin' burnin' owls in the woods

Worshipin' burning towers as they stood to collapse

In front of the world and the cloud of burning bodies to soot

Age of vengeance, this is essence of death

Exorcist, smite the devil in majestic bliss

Global conquest, effortless

I gave him 10 bitcoins for 11 bricks, I'm forever slick
My mind spray, shootout with the CIA, jump through Stargate
Ubers like Luger in a William Cooper stupid supercoven
Shoot-your-mother cult
Leader-of-four-hundred cult
Bloody killers that are hungry, dysfunction, destruction
Grab Uzi, aim, shoot, insta-Beirut, attract a grapefruit
She wanna rock a chain to stay true
But they shot the windows out where your kids live
Eat shit and die, your new name is "shit list"

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

A goof do goofy shit, and homie you a sucka
The yappa had him sleepin' in his whip like he a trucker
Adherence to the Sunnah and his word is word to mother
Police could talk to you and get a name, 'cause you a sucka
If you wanna get some [?], get a pound from the plug
I was nothin', homie, then I got it out of the mud
Listen, the Sig Sauer make his family tremor
Dressed in all black like somebody lost a family member
He look for God but he gonna find the devil
But God find his vessel, water find its level
It's goons here, they was plotting robberies out
And the semi big, it'll take your arteries out
Homie was OG and did a bit in Walla Walla
It's never mask off, it's only a balaclava
I got 13's, they will pick up the deuce
It's a G-36 and it's big as a moose

[Chorus]

I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore, it's hardcore
I got somethin' for the B-boys, kid, it's hardcore

Nocturnal Militia by Vinnie Paz

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadefi]

Hit 'em

Yo, yo

Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it
For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant
For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest
Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
Life is too precious for you to ever let go
One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though
But, not just yet, though

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

Khadaf is around for now, I'm a highly advanced life-form
Unexplainable brain pattern, immortal icon
Fuck it, really, my mind's gone, hard to define what I'm on
[?], militia, guerrilla, ready to rival
Predatorial rap aura, what I spit is the Torah
Apocalyptic, twisted, supreme prime aura
Salute a boss maneuver, embrace various suitors
Holdin' llamas and dark personas

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadefi]

Hit 'em

Yo, yo

Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it
For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant
For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest
Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though

Life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though

But, not just yet, though

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Huh, yeah, these is dum-dums

They the type of bullets that expanded on you

Guns is in the narco position like they was planted on me

I'ont ask for nothing, I take it, I just demand it, homie

And, I didn't buy this golden goose, [?] it landed on me

You lose a homie and a part of you die

And there's coke in this DeLorean, it's Marty McFly

Who the plug? You the plug if you got the supply

You my son, be a humble son, father is I

This akh think he got the drop on me

He didn't know I got the mop on me

The G27, that's a chrome Glock

Anybody spit my name, that'll get your dome popped

He ain't seein' me if I see the bull first

This young bull dyin', that's a premature birth

I will eat from motherfuckers 'til their soul is erased

I don't discriminate, motherfucker, nobody's safe

Toma

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadefi]

Hit 'em

Yo, yo

Situation hella lit, yeah, that's how we on it

For my G's and MC's under the earth, dormant

For those restin', we still reppin', holdin' the strongest

Yo, life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though

Life is too precious for you to ever let go

One day we all gon' meet, but not just yet, though

But, not just yet, though

The Most Gracious by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Most Gracious

[Verse 1: Tragedy Khadafi]

The God bars, opposite of Aleister Crowley
Black Saudis with a nuclear warhead inside an Audi
Predatin' the birth of humanity, that's where my style be
Generic, demonic, weak women, they don't arouse me
Exhale in the best bars, hard as a match, y'all
Arab Nazi [?] Kuwait death squad
Verbally insane, invadin' your mind frame
I sauté wack rappers, tryna merge in my lane
Homicidal quotes on a ride but with a higher dose
[?] like an assassin, black ops, I'm a ghost

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Lines written in hieroglyphs, that's way beyond your vision
Lebanon Don, liason [?] truer livin'
Trample over n***as like a stampede of wild rhinos
A rap terrorist, splinter cell with assault rifles
Shatter your rib cage, bang rappers like [?]
Life is a cycle, fuck it, might be the most trifle
Militias squeezin' clips [?] on my rivals
Y'all been afraid, most invisible renegades
Can't infiltrate any circle, the God, innovate, but wait...
Yeah yo

Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats

[Verse 3: Vinnie Paz]

This muthafucka puttin' trash on the scale
I'm a OG, still sick, hash in the mail
Lost my mind and I started smokin' hash or [?]
You don't want your stash shooaken then stash it in Hell
It's a .357 B, this gun no joke
I throw bullets at you money, you don't want no smoke

He ain't listenin', when you don't listen son get poked
I should've let this muthafucka die and hung that rope
Listen money, you do not want brawl
And if you do it's gon' get ugly [?]
I'm a silverback gorrila in a Kongo [?]
In the [?] providence, the [?]
I be around the Israelites but I'm not Moses
My concentration crazy, I kill 'em with osmosis
This choppa been waitin' forever to blow
I'm with goons, only takin' it wherever they go, battyman
Camouflage regime

[Outro: Tragedy Khadafi]

Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats
Artifacts, chasin' the bag is where my heart is at
Immortal rap titans inside the wild habitat
Do it to death and when we done y'all can have it back
Salute the generals, y'all better check the stats

Thought Machine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Thought Machine

[Intro:]

Cry out when the pain is greatest

No Hittite warrior cries out in pain

There?

Yes

It's as I fear Lord commander, your skull must be opened and the evil removed with a knife

Is this an Egyptian plot?

To murder our commander at a time where...

At a time when you're planning war on Egypt?

It was you that brought me here from Babylon my lords, I take no interest in your plans, I have no country.
Egypt least of all

[Tragedy Khadafi Verse 1:]

Messiah mind, flyer wise [?] reading higher signs

Lobotomise, we rack guys my style minimise

Sublime with a killer strut, modern day King Tut

For all those chasing the bag and choose to live it up

What, hah, give it up In the streets feeding us

In this world you either make motion or your life is stuck

Born inside the crack era, y'all not as deep as us

Youngins that embrace guns and darkness when the evil touch

Yeah, form a deeper lust

No one you can seem to trust

Cold hearts, playing their part slugs through evil stuff

Yeah but I ain't got all the answers

It's a salute when you were dancing

Life is a high-stake gamble that I learned to take a chance with

[?] features on my pivot, emperor stances

Khadaf rhyme is highly impeccable advanced with

Dodgin' government drones, hiding my face from cameras

Salute the fans and supporters who learn to always stand us

[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]

Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat

Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me

Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

How this dumb motherfucker try say that he God
He light work for me just another day on the job
And them eight-trey gangstas gonna say he a slob
And these guns symbolise God, day that he die
It's lights out pussy whenever the savage bang
Six hours spin his fucking body like a baggage claim
It's all big pistols on me, nothing on me light
And the silencer is looking like a muffler on a bike
If we ride then the only one that's living is I
And it's bodies everywhere like I live in a chai
I'm really living life homie you just living to die
And my hitters have you whimperin' and visitin' Jah
In other words we just looking to kill
I extended the invitation so I'm footing the bill
His heart beatin' fast comin' out of his chest
And it's more than bars pa cos it's how you finesse
Battiman

[Tragedy Khadafi: Chorus:]

Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets
Nocturnal scope on the mic, flamin' we start heat
Harder artistry in the booth so pardon me
Upper echelon making it hard for y'all to sleep
Eat it like God [?] be
Harder artistry for the streets

Persian Legacy by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

"Usually it starts by, you know, crossing out mostly you know
One neighborhood will put their writing on the wall, and then, you know
We come in right next to it, or cross em out, and they will cross us back out
And then it gets into, umm you know
Maybe a fist fight, then maybe guys gets knifed behind it. And then shooting
And then someone dies, and they might wanna get back at us, if they do get back at us
We go down and might kill two of them, then they will come back and maybe get one of us
And we will go back and get two or three more
It just goes on and on, it don't stop"

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This is slang warfare akhi, I don't got the time for that
This Charter Arms 5 shots spin 'em like a laundromat
Tony Rome wop shit, rocking the fedora hat
Its bloody money, bloody bodies, homie this is horror rap
The block full of Gestapo, its hotter than Honolulu
We military minded, and we ridin' like Shaka Zulu
Its African tradition, so you have to honor Jushu
And black Tibetan magic, just another kind of voodoo
Camouflage regime, we maneuver through militias
A man do the heavy lifting, bitches do the dishes
How is you a shooter, when you shoot 'em and it misses?
This Mossberg burn 'em and it doing it to bridges
The gun connoisseur, the philosopher of iron shit
Never sleepin', watching everything like it's a firestick
Your talking real crazy for someone with no blicky
And I ain't even know that the shooter was old fifty

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz, Tragedy Khadafi]

I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker out I swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun
I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Yeah, offspring of the Juice Crew, that's part of my essence
Makhi was legend before I even rapped on a record
Apocalyptic apostle, see, I was born to rep it
I craft mathematical lessons inside a message
Sublime prime masterminds inside wide Benzes
Circling their blocks, a killers in the crack vengeance
Saw all my warriors still breathing, the saga's endless
Imagine they'll breathe, they'll birth me and piss on my passion
Manufactured and fire ghetto messiah blacksmith
So nice would it been a curse just to live my life with
Salems Lot to hells fire, the streets source to righteous
Evaded federal cases, Supreme Court indictments
For those locked in The Beacon, and trapped on Rikers Island
Hold your crown in that cell, and seek for more enlightenment
Let my lines be the strength and power you need to fight with
All relies on your energy, go hard and ignite

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz, Tragedy Khadafi]

I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker out I swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun
I tip-toe everywhere that I go
Lay a motherfucker swear on my soul
Fuck around and run your mouth and catch a hot one
Infra-red beams, gas mask and a shotgun



as above so below

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Crime Wave Tehran by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Crime Wave Tehran

[Intro:]

Warning signs of satanic behavior may be apparent. Such as;

A sudden bitterly antagonistic attitude towards family and religion

A drastic decline in academic performance

A reclusive behavior pattern and listening exclusively to heavy metal rock music almost to the point of addiction

When one or more of these warning signs are evident, you should look further for ritual items such as a pentagram or other satanic symbols, black or red rose, a decorative dagger or knife, a chalice or goblet, black candles, a personal diary with a black cover which is called a book of shadows, and copies of publications, such as The satanic bible and the satanic rituals, and possibly, a small makeshift altar

If you discover items such as these, experts advise that you contact your local law enforcement agency at once

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This is Boxcutter business, this is blade in the hand

I'm pulling rank on you muhfuckas—chain of command

This Moroccan feds akhi, this is granules of sand

This is made of pure linen, this is ancient Iran

Notre Dame sign, Quasimodo and shit

The magazine empty out, I'm reloadin' the shit

It was no fair, I was tryna live in the now

Mama scared, I ain't goin' to her crib through a while

This the master builder, this the Yamisaki

Have a bunch of hitters clap you from the Kawasaki

Epuki givin' footage to D's

That's what happen when you can't see the wood for the trees

A couple rounds popped into his visage

How can an unpolished mirror reflect an image?

It's always motion, action and devotion

And you ain't thinkin' homie, you reactin' off emotion

[Hook: Chinaski Black]

Put your vest on

Little homie put your vest on

Put your vest on

I'ma shooter motherfucker, put your vest on

Put your vest on

I got bullets for you partner, put your vest on

Yo, put your vest on

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

The maiden bathin' in a clear pool of fresh water

This the hierophant's chalice, this the next slaughter

Perpendicular of the pyramid dress altar

I was taught the brazen bull is the best torture

If it ain't one thing, it's another

And I don't wait for motion, I'm a different muhfucka

Fools die, Mario Puzo

They slumped him like Angelo Bruno

He saw the Iron Ages like a Canaanite

It's bags of trees here, vegetation heist

You say my name, I'm fucking you up

Y'all are clout-chasin' homie and enough is enough

Gun brawls, hand-to-hand, homie it's whatever

It's talking and it's action, and nobody live forever

So get yourself a blicky and chill

Or the ox is coming out, buck 50 is grill

Toma!

[Hook: Chinaski Black]

Put your vest on

Little homie put your vest on

Put your vest on

I'ma shooter, motherfucker, put your vest on

Put your vest on

I got bullets for you partner, put your vest on

Yo, put your vest on

Scorched Earth by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Flashbang, that's a photo op

My shooters take you out the fucking picture like a Photoshop

A thousand knives coming at you, that's a Sakamoto shot

The 93-R machine pistol that'll Robocop

Three round burst mode, blow your fucking fingers off

Lights out, black ski mask, and the ringer off

Action and reaction, akhi, I don't even think at all

The cuete out of Italy, the 'caine is out of Singapore

Yall know I'm never running out of ammo

The yoppa keep spitting like somebody chew tobacco

Screwface, ox under the tongue, I'm a wacko

Sentence you to death, blood feud, and I'm Draco

That's the sound of the machete chop

Beat a motherfucker til his eye end up like Fetty Wap

I had motherfuckers going south for the birds

Y'all ain't doing nothing, actions speak louder than words

[Interlude: Estee Nack]

And my word stay bond son. You know what I'm sayin'? Bond is life and I give my life before my words, y'all feel that? Yo, so listen

[Verse 2: Estee Nack]

I smoke flavors of shorty listening to La India

Works for Rodriguez, stand to settle within

Handle beamers, fully automatic Beretta Ninas

Arenas, the work is genius, only respect the seniors

Señore, smoke oil, sniff it into Pyrex

Double the grind ax, dump the beamer, slip into Fylex

Strip you suplex, my n***a you guessed it, who protest it

True to the Est, it's beautiful, precious

Get it moving in Venice to Budapest, I'm moving and flexing

The music masses from the prisons to the pazzes

Endless, infinite mental, magnetics, molecular measurements

True living god in the flesh, no beginning, no ending

The Ford is a death deficit

Yo, it ain't even a question of whether I'm still in the streets

Definite

[Verse 3: Jay Royale]

I got heathens to make the beef broil

Your arms too weak for the recoil

Throw you to the wolves and they feast on you

I can sick the streets on you, it's only beats you can feed me with

Shit get thick, approach your whip with a stick like a Squeegee

When you cross paths with trigger bullets, it's rigor mortis

The brick's enormous, from long range can flip a walrus

Burn shit up like incinerators pushing pen and paper

Fuck around and split your chin with a razor

It's critical slander, I'm sick with spitting the grammar

I can regenerate a limb like (?)

Let's switch the agenda, cold and blistering winds in the winter

Release the fire and pen at your brain with the Kimber

It's target practice for you novice rappers

Guaranteed to leave 'em slumped when I dump the automatic

Amityville with the mic handling skills

Can chew through turnbuckles like George Animal Steele

I Am the Chaos by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Who the fuck is you?
Yeah, Pistolero Pazienza
Know what I mean
Who the fuck is you?
Yeah, I'm headhunting
We walk this dog, let 'em breathe
Who the fuck is you?

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I set this motherfucker off like I'm a Bolshevik
I hold the toaster grip, reduce the choir to a soloist
Unload the clip and leave a hole in shit the size of a boulder is
Patrol the vulture pit, I'm leaving Marx in 'em like socialists
It is the moment that you realize you're just not a vocalist
The coldest [ocean grip] is as close to it as [cold] Milošević
A male chauvinist, you can cross it off of your grocery list
You're holding swollen ribs, I'm beholding the olden coke
And the dope is odorless, getting hold of it kinda onerous
We all felonious, I got dogs, and homie they Dobermans
We noblemen, it's oxygen, hemoglobin in arteries
So close your lips, Akhi, the shotty will leave you frozen stiff
I blow the fifth, homie, the hole the size of a poker chip
The yopper ownership, just another level of showmanship
I have the show up in me, you jokers getting the bulk of it
And hit his lower limbs, now it's closure homie, it's over with

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Who the fuck is you?
Fuck out my way, papa, I'm coming through
I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?
Pussy, who the fuck is you?
Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I'm Pistolero Pazzy, so every chopper reliable

The brujeria banger, the murders is justifiable

It's headshots, homie, the body identifiable

The body parts intact but the face is unrecognizable

The weaponry is sizable, all of it modifiable

The doctor told my mother her child is certifiable

This Gucci lamb leather is terra, homie it's dye-able

Serial number off, money, they ain't classifiable

It's way too cold and the temperature ain't survivable

These hollow points, homie, the horror is indescribable

They think that I'm maniacal, mercenaries is glamorous

The Desert Eagle ain't even deadly, homie, it's cancerous

The rhyme annihilation, obliteration calamitous

I took a vote to see if you pussy, it was unanimous

A motherfucking son of an emperor, I'm Britannicus

The temple of a riot, the mind of a psychoanalyst

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Fuck out the way, pa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P, doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Fuck out my way papa, I'm coming through

I'm Vinnie P doggy, who the fuck is you?

Pussy, who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

Who the fuck is you?

Come on, who the fuck is you?

[Outro]

Who the fuck is you?

Mabuhay Gardens by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Mabuhay Gardens

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, yeah

Yeah, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This Kalashnikov, dead air, Wolverine silencer
Leave your body full of blood clots like an islander
The Springfield armory is long like a kilometer
The Koenigsegg Agera had the craziest odometer
This young boy spillin' blood here on the hood block
Papi like to cook rock, Joni missed Woodstock
He headed uptown and he lookin' for Mantequilla
This muhfucka's talkin', it sound like a Santeria
I got a plug, but he kinda weird
I be with my ahkis and they all have Lou Albano beards
Everything marble, and Joselyn Grand Chandeliers
This is ammunition and it's Pancho Villa Bandoliers
We gon' put the squeeze on the work, it's a known leverage
This Four-Five gon' hit the spot like a cold beverage
The strap ravaging, it look like roux
Gimme room muhfucka, lemme cook my food, toma!

[Hook: Block McCloud]

Man the only thing I know for sure is that we're gonna die
You know that nothing's guaranteed
Except that we will rest in peace
So until that day I go to war and sing your lullaby
And I will rock your head to sleep, 'til I fulfill my destiny

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, this the season of smoke
And the uniform density the reason it float
Y'all awoken a sleeping giant, now the demon invoked
Allah's the most merciful, the beacon of hope
This a land strike weapon, I will launch harpoons

While y'all dummies eatin' cereal and watch cartoons
I will go upside your head like Vidal Sassoon
I will blow the infrared, I will call my goons
He a bitch, bein' bitch is the reason that he snitch
Blow a muhfucka wig, Season of the Witch
So high, look like we Korean from the piff
The hole I'm diggin' for you much deeper than a ditch
This G-22 and it burn like it shit liquor
Now ay'body dead and his family sit shiver
You pump fakin' akhi, listen, I ain't feelin' none of that
And death real homie, you can never get your brother back

[Hook: Block McCloud]

Man the only thing I know for sure is that we're gonna die
You know that nothing's guaranteed
Except that we will rest in peace
So until that day I go to war and sing your lullaby
And I will rock your head to sleep, 'til I fulfill my destiny

The Conjuring by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah – Yeah

Alright, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

The prime directive is the connection to the Andromedans
I'm washed in the blood of the lamb and all of its vitamins
The sheep stray, that was the fate of David and Solomon
The alpha-draconian sacred ages of Ottoman
The King Cobra .357 will disembody 'em
Constantinople, Monasticism, Masasi men
Allah is All Powerful, Alhamdulillah sovereign
Copper based blood from a binary solo monument
Geneticists and other biologists start an argument
Breakthrough in spiritual consciousness wasn't opulent
Life was only real if the common creator authored it
The war in Heaven all of the seven honored the armament
Parasitic astral deities inform the occupants
Them headshots is comin' for the top like it's a condiment
The law of one, Ra, channeling, challenging continents
Physical death, mystical breath, it's found in the documents

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer
It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Divide and conquer, grand strategy of the Reptilians
Witches and Warlocks congregate in the pavilion
Fundamental and coded bases for the civilians
I took the shotty and dug the bodies, it's in the millions
UFO's in the aboriginal Brazilians

Locust plague genetic sequence of Insectilians
The satanic rituals, circus is Picadilian
The voice of Revelation, atomic lighters from Lilian
You don't want a war, you'll be warrin' with the Sicilians
Kiss the ring, Vinnie the King like he Arthur Williams
The man from Planet Risk, he saw an ominous orb there
The double-cross system, the psychological warfare
Malevolent extraterrestrials is in my crosshair
Forty-six chromosomes, two forever gone there
Came from Mesopotamia, chemicals were restored there
The Rothschilds of London, the Babylonian blood there

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer
It's the earth, it's the moon, it's the stars
It's the word, it's the drums, it's the bars
It's the war, it's the blood, it's the scars
I'm the conjurer, I'm the conjurer

The Black Hand by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

(Sample)

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Me not gwan lie

Every pussy man gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I ain't chasin' nothin' homie so just gimme the bag

Bullets travel at the speed of Thor get hit with the mag

You can fuck around, lay around, you can get dragged

I will bomb on motherfuckers like I'm hittin' the tag

This a death wish homie, y'all are liable to die

This is Hammurabi Code, this a eye for an eye

I can see inside where his ideology lie

You supposed to supply workers if you got the supply

Divine retribution, pa, fire and brimstone

It's a trench knife dagger and it made from a shinbone

Tubular bells ring tone

The Mossberg flex make a change to your skin tone

There's nothin' changin' everything is carved into stone

I will cook 'em till the meat falls off of the bone

What's your life like, akhi? You just sat in the fray

And I'm stayin' in the hood like an African braid

Batiman

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Me not gwan lie

Every pussy man gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

Every batiman gwan die

[Verse 2: Demoz]

Hey yo, hey yo

Last call house send them shots at you like bartenders

Blow your brain out of the window over the car fender

I'm used to hearin' shit like "trust me, n***a we got you"

Same pussy you trust, same pussy that shot you
Fake hand shakes, phoney hugs and all the smirkin'
Never trust a n***a around you that's never workin'
Down to his last couple dollars, he gettin' nervous
Rob you then get killed for it, it wasn't worth it
Bitches sleep with you then sleep with your best friend
I don't follow none of you dudes I set trends
I ain't tryin' to tell you shit I'm tryin' to show you
Keep your eyes close on the motherfuckers that owe you
You will catch a bullet the same minute you jack me
I don't play the shotgun n***a I want the back seat
I'm from a place where they'll rob you if you got bread
And clean-cut n***as be grimier than a mob-head
Moz
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]
Me not gwan lie
Every pussy man gwan die
Every batiman gwan die
Every batiman gwan die

Mock Up on Mu by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Sample]

Spare us the shame of being killed by a boy!
Kings must be killed by kings!
Hahahahaa! A fine king you'd make!
A king who can't even kill his enemy!
And has to ask others to do it for him!
Even on a battlefield! Hahahahhaaaa! Hahaha!
(Crowds cheer)

[Chorus: Method Man Sample]

No n-no competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Got the Glock, got the Glock, got got the Glock
To ya headpiece, what!
No n-no noo- competition to the shit we got here
The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear
Kill the fear, kill the fear
Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what, what, what
What

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I got the blick of the wild gunman
Sit the fuck down, it was never about nothin'
Jack Paar's espionage of a loud dungeon
Little (Nub Millah) was talkin' about pumpin'
Being a sinner became painful
It's clear revelations that came as a strange angel
My brother is my brother we came from the same cradle
These ain't mink, (bahna) these made from a gray sable
I ain't the motherfucker you should box with
We can take it to the guns, homie this a chopstick
Put the muhfcucka in your mouth like it's a swab stick
Bring the box-cutter in the muhfuckin' cockpit
Play (Entiro Roja) till the day break
I can never be a dollar short or a day late
The SIG Sauer P320 is my namesake
The bullet has so much kinetic energy the wave break

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

No competition to the shit we got here

The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear

Got the Glock, got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This the reckoning here

This is napalm, that's the smell of death in the air

You want bombockaat war then the weapons appear

I'm the CD don, squeaky frog and mescaline heir

The Sunnah of the Prophet, that's the actual fact

You think talkin' to one-time is a natural act

You see talkin' to one-time that's a vaginal act

I went to Pet Semetary now the animal back

We burnin' sage, we the Northern Arapaho

My heart black homie and it's colder than gazpacho

It's a hail of bullets comin' better get yourself a poncho

Bandana low on my eyes like I'm a chicano

I don't look at homie as a rival, he a custy

He stink like patchouli his entirety is dusty

Put a fatwah on his head like he Rushdie

Me and you is like puttin' a shark against a guppy

[Chorus: Method Man Sample] (x2)

No competition to the shit we got here

The real shit, terror to ya ear, kill the fear

Got the Glock to ya headpiece, what

Ankle Bracelets by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Ankle Bracelets

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

It's ankle bracelets, nahmean?

They got bracelets on my ankles, pa

Nahmean?

Yeah, look

[Verse 1]

See, I'm not committed, mommy, that's the way that it is

I be in my own space and I stay in my biz

It ain't nothing new, mama, I been sayin' for years

All y'all do is stay stressin' me and greyin' my hairs

It's not about fears and it's not responsibility

It's not about my father and it's not compatibility

Y'all are God's curse ma, Eve ate the apple

And y'all ain't gon' convince me that monogamy is natural

I ain't tryna talk to somebody who irrational

And who the fuck is you to try to take me from my castle?

It ain't about maturity, it ain't no little boy shit

Just save the psychoanalyzing me and all the Freud shit

And I don't think it's bugged out to wanna be alone

And I be all up in the crib and wanna be at home

And not have somebody bein' all up in my phone

And I ain't lying to you, I'm just lettin' it be known

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Queen Herawin]

That you ain't really ready, ready

Ready ain't the way to put it

Ain't trying to go steady, steady

Shit, I'd rather eat a bullet

Still want the head steady, steady

You goddamn right. I do

You swear I'm being petty, petty?

I ain't tryna spend my life with you

How long we gonna do this stuff?
As long as I fuckin' wanna
You think I'm stressin' you for dough
I don't really want the drama
Just want to make us a home
You actin' like my enemy
But fuck it then just be alone
Maybe that's the way it's meant to be

[Verse 2]

See, I don't feel lonely, ma, I would never settle
And I ain't got the time for bein' monkey in the middle
Y'all behave like an enigma, wrapped inside a riddle
And y'all don't bring shit to the table that's beneficial
Make yourself useful and carry the fuckin' pistol
But you don't wanna do nothing that's seen as sacrificial
You think that you industrious and that's the fuckin' issue
Men are different, women all alike, that's official
Salah, Marciano, my Mama and then it's over
So find yourself a soy boy, beta and a chauffeur
I ain't gon' be tourin' while you laying on the sofa
Wifey up a thot cause you thinkin' they can mold her
I'm cut from a different cloth, papa was a G
And papa told me loyalty and honor is the key
And y'all don't have neither one of them, so skedaddle
Feel some type of way, tryna blame it on the pharaoh

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Queen Herawin]

That you ain't really ready, ready
Ready ain't the way to put it
Ain't trying to go steady, steady
Shit, I'd rather eat a bullet
Still want the head steady, steady
You goddamn right. I do
You swear I'm being petty, petty?
I ain't tryna spend my life with you
How long we gonna do this stuff?
As long as I fuckin' wanna
You think I'm stressin' you for dough
I don't really want the drama
Just want to make us a home

You actin' like my enemy

But fuck it then just be alone

Maybe that's the way it's meant to be

[Outro: Vinnie Paz, Queen Herawin]

HAHA! Steady wantin' the head [?]

Nahmean? Me? Word. Please, I got my own money

Papapapapapapaaa

Papapapapapapaaa

The Compleat Witch by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

The Compleat Witch

[Intro]

Ex-childs of Light, listen close, and listen clear!

You cannot stop me now, the seven points have come together! The Third Star has merged
For 18 days you have tortured me, as of now!

Don't you realize that any other mortal man would have fallen to you by now?! And every day -- my power!
-- mhhh - fills!

But your power gets darkened and darker

[Verse 1: Nowaah The Flood]

No chill in power hill with the pill press

Crackin' seals for a little zest pack still fresh

Drop the address all access

In the flesh Moroccan Hashish, them gases

Spin on badges, little bastards off acid, asterisk

The world's wocky, got the choppy off Akhi in the lobby

Leavin' my auntie at the ristorante, with a joint lookin' like Ashanti

Dipped on the cotty, paint the town like Dondi

Skipped on the bounty

A hundred miles and countin' aware of my surroundings

Since a fountain out of housing my physicals will doubt you

Enemies befriend you wicked bitches end you

So I keep my favorite utensil, put two in your Kenzo

You and your kin too, it's simple, n***as'll sin you

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

It's crazy when the Benelli fires

It'll stick you to the street like it's Pirelli tires

We count money, ahki you can't sneak a penny by us

My ahkis on they deen, homie plenty pious

Adoration of The Magi by Botticelli

One day at a time, Valerie Bertinelli

Rhyme is intricate designs, Elsa Schiaparelli

These 32 bullets is longer than Vermicelli

We was dumb high singin' Guantanamera

While I watched Cordillera with mi abuela
Ten times outta ten cowards'll lose
You a vic and I had you comin' outta your shoes
You was insecure homie, you was lonely inside
You ain't got nobody, you ain't got no homies to ride
This a bloodbath over here, furious wars
It's banana clips everywhere, Curious George
Batiman!
Hijo de puta!
[Outro]
I can't take twelve more days of torture!
Because if I do, then the pit of Purple Haze will come
You talk about me being off the mainstream
I see you carry the Old Egyptian ways around your finger
Haha - Haha - Hahaa - Hah

Lyrics.lol :: Hannibal by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Yeah

Come on

Yeah, look

Polo Pazzy, come on

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

These bullets is like mosquitoes

I put the clip in and they get to spittin' like they the Migos

Descend with Don Quixote in Cueva de Montesinos

These bullets burn, ahki, they hotter than jalapeños

He wonder what he did to his man

This fool motherfucker comin' out the tinted Sedan

I had to end it all so I could just see where it began

This a five piece Kimono like I live in Japan

Allah is the All Sufficient and for that I'm relieved

Y'all are disobeying God, pa, Adam and Eve

This a P380 comin' out of my sleeve

The merciful Lord of mercy that's a lot of reprieve

I'm a Don, you a battiman, y'all can see the differences

My name ring bells and y'all ain't got no significance

A baccarat crystal and it's over the stairs

And why's you still talkin' homie? Nobody cares, yeah

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Them pop-out boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)

This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)

That's my motherfuckin' akh and I rock for 'em

Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glocks drawn

Them pop-out boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)

This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)

That's my motherfuckin' akh and I rock for 'em

Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glocks drawn

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Y'all be fuckin' 'round with one-times

Choppers laid out, that's a muhfuckin' drum line

I got goons on the muhfuckin' front line

There's warriors and silver-back gorillas in my bloodline
There's devils movin' everywhere, muhfuckers shape-shift
The gem star gonna get his battiman a face lift (Ooo oo ah ah)
His skin hangin' off, blood drippin' from the blade tip
AK's, banana clips have me goin' ape shit
Your head is over the mantle
And you don't know nothin' and knowin' is half the battle
So pull up on me if you want 'em to die
His body's that's in the ocean and the son's in the sky
You a Kafir and a Kafir is a thing I denounce
Here's a free shot for you homie, drinks on the house
It's two horses pullin' me, I'm chillin' in the barouche
It's a bullet with your name on it big as a mouse
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz] (x2)

Them bye-bye boys got the drop on 'em (huh!)
This infrared beam put the dots on 'em (huh!)
That's my motherfuckin' ahk and I rock for 'em
Ay'body hit the fuckin' deck when them Glocks drawn

Sicilian Bull by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, yeah, one-two!

Yeah, yeah, one-two! Haha!

Yeah, Papo Andy forever!

A'ight -- Yeah!

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

You don't want Vinnie to pop the trunk 'cause it's under there

The snakes is venomous so be wary what's in the jungle here

It's Unga-Bunga's here, you'll be trapped inside of a bunker here

You in the gutter where you'll be pissin' inside your underwear

You suddenly become aware of all of the blood that's here

Shovels here, Coco liquor up inside the Tupperware

We makin' supper here, take your Wallys and your other pairs

It's undercovers there, and a couple of drunken Russians there

A tons of guns appear, and it's cartridges in abundance here

It's mafuckas armed to the teeth it's like we the Bundeswehr

We took a tunnel there, to the sewer it wasn't traceable

The blicky go up under your chin and blow out your nasal roof

The best hustle, the neck muscles is like a Saber tooth

The Tec touch you, the TEC cut through while we raise your roof

We standin' on the top of Olympus, what did you say to Zeus?

The body count pilin', we wildin', it's not debatable, yeah!

[Chorus: Samples]

My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker

We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker

Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there

My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker

We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker

Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

This a Gucci satchel, ahki, it's made from a fuckin' alligator

Frank Sheeran shooters'll murk and suck on a Now & Later

Take a pile of data, distribute it to the allocator

Runnin' foul on nature laboratories and calibrators

Sawed shotty got a nickname and it's The Evaporator

Take it back to pages and El Dorado's and activators
My collaborators is piled inside of an abdicator
He don't wanna brawl, he don't want a war, he a trap devador
Trips down south and we goin' down to Atlanta later
Needles and a bone saw, homie I'm the reanimator
Parody young powerful socca pan updater
Yoppa drain ya bodily fluids like it's an aspirator
Thoughts is all deadly, they desecratin' the scrap of paper
Agitator, shotty will spin him like he a barrel maker
Fortress roll-by's reactivated eradicator
Pistol Gang pop 'em and drop 'em in the volcanic crater
Yeah!

[Chorus: Samples]

My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker
Whereever we at, we keep the blicks right there
My commission, sit at the table like the last supper, fucker
We unholy, sharp razor, full bloodied money maker
Where ever we at, we keep the blicks right there

Cero Miedo by Vinnie Paz

[Intro]

Yeah, more lower

Yeah, one-two, more lower

One-two, yeah, look, yeah

[Verse 1]

Yeah, this dummy ask if she can touch the jewelry

Get out my mitt, your man is actin' like a fuckin' stoolie

Bury me in the golden urn I'm The Last Tamuli

Y'all don't really want the fuckin' drama this is not kabuki

I squash fifty-seven y'all while playin' racquetball

Maybe y'all is playin' Dragon Ball and sniffin' Adderall

The cuete little but it splash 'em like a cannonball

Sanskrit and Mushika Dynasty it canon, all

You playin' by the basement while I play the corner

I like a massive body count and have my things in order

I rob Peter to pay Paul just to pay the pauper

I have my Jewish lawyer there so he could gauge the offer

A semi Costa Rican shooter out to plug the hellion

The mic in my face outside the court like Doug Llewelyn

You tryna go to war with somebody who Machiavellian

You tryna to go to war with someone who a black Sicilian

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Shots gon' fly-y-y

Ya better get lo-o-ow

Ya wanna ask why-y-y

Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)

Shots gon' fly-y-y

Ya better get lo-o-ow

Ya wanna ask why-y-y

Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)

[Verse 2]

Yeah, look, yeah

Divine hands serve the blind man like Lazarillo

Shells coverin' his body like an armadillo

I got some Salvatrucha bangin' out in Amarillo

It's hard to grasp, ahki, why you tryin' to palm a minnow?
I'll have my lawyer eat the case like he was Bob Shapiro
The ox bloody, it'll cut you like a Masahiro
Goretex military—how we rock apparel
This a murder archetype that's why I shot the sparrow
We ain't the same, ahki, we a different cell type
Goofy's gon' fall for the banana in the tailpipe
Doing 2301 is how you earn your jail stripes
I can smell a rat and muhfucka you don't smell right
Them jack boys lookin' sloppy tryna retire Papi
'Cause motherfuckers here before you like Passamaquoddy
Every bar is animated like it's Myazaki
Whatever live inside the body die inside the body
Toma!

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz]

Shots gon' fly-y-y (Hahahahaha)
Ya better get lo-o-ow (Hijo de puta)
Ya wanna ask why-y-y (Yeah! Stallone, salute)
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!) (Chinaski Black, salute)
Shots gon' fly-y-y
Ya better get lo-o-ow
Ya wanna ask why-y-y
Ya mama cry no-o-o (Woo!)

Spilled Milk by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

My papa was my hero, I was always by his side
And when I acted out of pocket, he would always let it slide
I can't say all the time, I took a couple L's
He went upside my head when I was putting him through hell
His first heart attack, I was 6 years old
They ain't let me near the hospital, that shit too cold
So I waited by the door hoping he would get home
And I was scared that he would die and we'd be left all alone
And I remember that when mommy brought you home, I was quiet
Showing you the things around the crib like you forgot 'em
The doctors told me you would be good if you would chill
So stop smoking stogies, pop, you know they make you ill
But you ain't want to listen, you was always being stubborn
And that's the type of shit you let slide when you love 'em
You ain't changed your diet and you stayed smoking Winston's
You can't make a strong-willed man change his vision
Sometimes you think something is when it isn't
He was gonna die and that was his decision
I could never do the same in his condition
He left three sons and a wife in that position

[Hook: Eamon]

The ones we hurt when we leave
The lies we live and believe
You got to learn to step up
And be the man that they trust

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Ten years old, they telling me that my father dead
What the fuck was going through my father head?
He ain't think his youngest need his father?
Had a million chances to change but didn't bother?
It's like he ain't love me enough to live
Or too selfish to make an adjustment for his kids
And you ain't think you dying would divide us?
And you ain't think a ten-year-old boy needed guidance?
Ain't nobody talking, just bottle it up inside us

And shit could turn ugly when there's no one there to guide us
It's all good, I still love you, I forgive you
But that ain't gon' be something my son is gonna live through
He ain't gonna lose me the way I lost you
'Cause doing that to him is just something I couldn't do
I had to change the way I was living 'cause I was you
The same hard head and the same world view
I had to do a 180 and get my shit together
When you a mess, pop, it's hard to get your shit together
But I ain't living for myself now, it's all for him
And I'm trying to be everything that you should have been

[Hook: Eamon]

The ones we hurt when we leave (Oooh)
The lies we live and believe (Oh the lies)
You got to learn to step up (You goooot to do it)
And be the man that they trust (I got to be the maaan now)
The ones we hurt when we leave (Ooh yea)
The lies we live and believe (You goooot to live it)
You got to learn to step up (Oooh you got to do)
And be the man that they trust

Vahid Moradi by Vinnie Paz

[Sample: Adja Pekkan]

Kimler Geldi Kimler Geçti

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

One-two

Yeah, look

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

Phantom of Death, killing spree, Robert Dominicci

Apollo themed pan described at the maharishi

Yeah I'mma eat you all, pa, Kazuo Nakanishi

Mafuckers high from the smoke from atop the TV

The plug had a shorty who's drapin' a Tenvalin

Nuno Bettencourt was jealous of Van Halen

I separate the English from a Dutch

It's heavy ahki, like Rollins, singer for The Ruts

We drape around launderings, ponderers, Clark Wallabees

Baby food motherfuckers cryin' like they colicy

The heron formula evolved under the Isosceles

Mafuckers gonna bring the drama, Aristophanes

There's five-fifties in the back of the Porsche

Nothin' happens without the action of force

Black Bannerz make dua at the Ka'bah

The Vanguard of Islam is the Sahaba

Yeah

[Chorus: Rigz & Vinnie Paz]

I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper

Yeah -- I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper

Like, chea - I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper

Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, yeah

I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper

[Verse 2: Rigz]

Yeah, yo, hey yo, I'm fresh out the sign that drinkin'

If you scared of Socrates

Shorty bury the dumb body

I don't care who you align with

Read my mind man a palace in Ghana don't intervene
Hit his mouth up with the teeth everybody scream (shut the fuck up)
Bein' in this hell so long it's hard to dream (it's hard y'all)
A rat that got loyalty and I'm a never seen
For my family please I hands you knees you's different
Might as well swallow this anti-freeze (might as well)
I know a smoker who was after it once
Reduced to a shit smell, crush and crack in his blunts
My aim terrific I'm angular with it
Chasin' you know, ya crib, yo I'm takin' you in it
Best part of y'all song is the part where I skip it
I rip n***as apart who only partially gifted
Yeah, stupid, me and Paz won't budge
The Devil, I stared in his eyes, he was a judge
[Chorus: Rigz & Vinnie Paz]
I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper
Yeah, yo Rigz - I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper
Like, chea - I look the Devil in the eye like a Reaper
Yeah, no doubt, no doubt, yeah
I look the Devil in the eye like the Reaper
Heh-heh-heh

[Outro]

(Sample)

I'll Buy All the Uranium You've Got by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

I'll Buy All the Uranium You've Got

Yeah, one-two!

Yeah, yeah, one-two!

Yeah! Yeah!

One-two!

Papo Andy forever!

Look, yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

This a wild guess homie, this a shot in the dark

You like baby food, just another walk in the park

This philosophy I walk into a Mosque with Descartes

This is Jeffrey Dahmer '89, fork in the heart

This Magnum ain't eat in a while, see the Cal hungry

It's why I got my hand in my drawers like I'm Al Bundy

A lotta y'all know that you stolen ya style from me

You can't duplicate what I did and you wild bummy

What you know about your man being down?

Doing eighteen bullets you ain't have him around

We clappin' this like you wearin' a cap and a gown

The hatches is wide open better battin' 'em down

You try to go to war with the man

You muhfuckas 'bout to ride in the coroner van

This a mind eraser, you can take a shot of this booze

I'm a king, you a pawn, y'all must got me confused, stupid

[Chorus: Block McCloud]

Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)

Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee

I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one

Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)

Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee

I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah, all these weapons like my road dog

Always got the .40 on me, ahki, I'm like O-Dog
Anything you think is yours, money, I will bogart
When you hear the seven trumpets blowin' that's a prologue
I ain't have a dime life was shitty and cruel
So I learned that when you hungry you ain't picky with food
Now I'm smokin' outta suttin' like a didgeridoo
This a Glock .27 and it's Tiffany Blue
And it's nothing anyone of y'all could do to compete
Heavenly Father I thank you for the food that we eat
I get money ahki, I be in the payday trance
This dummy duckin' shots look like it's the Nae-Nae dance
At the Time Warner Penthouse, meet me in the Mezzanine
Styrofoam cups, orange soda and promethazine
The type to bring the gas to the fire, this is kerosene
Vinnie nice destroy your fucking life like methamphetamine

[Chorus: Block McCloud]

Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one
Oh no, please don't confuse me (Oh no)
Pistol packin' thought you knew me, oh wee
I got them drugs, I got them guns, I'm not the one

Doomsday Machine by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Doomsday Machine

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah! Come on, pa, I'm cut from a different cloth!

Y'know what I'm sayin' I'm cut from a different cloth than y'all mafuckas! (ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta!)

Y'know mean?

Papo Andy foreva!

Yeah, come on

Yeah

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

I told you, you should learn from mistakes

I will violate a motherfucker, personal space

This a CarboTech, come with a submersible case

At the sound of the demon bell, merciful fate

All we do is rock low symbols, turbans and weight

I watch Musa be a father, give a sermon to Leif

This a cloak and dagger operation, turn to the safe

Have his physical return to an invertible place

First and foremost is my ahki

Playin' with ya life, rollin' dice like Monopoly

Brothers overseas givin' Dawah talkin' cocky

Don't ask me 'bout nobody my relationships is Rocky

I scribe thoughts pa, I'm like Miguel de Unamuno

Catch ya homie walk away like Claus Von Bulow

It's an undefeated record, ahki, look at the stats

You was broke down ass betting look at the facts, stupid

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, Zombieland, that's a dead fly

You better fly away

You better get away Get away n***a

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly

You better fly awa-a-a-ayy

You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n***a

[Verse 2: Vast Aire]

When Paz is done with your body

He sends 'em to Vas to rock 'em, freak form box 'em

This ain't a Christmas stocking

It's the Last Mohican that keeps the burner in his Moccasin

Smoke signals, we got loud

Gunner air mysterious, beyond clouds

Never seen before

But once I reveal myself, it'll start the Secret War

The mind trick of cannibal, I'm like Hannibal

Having dinner with the doctor at the festival

At the end of the movie, tell the cops it wasn't me

I was chillin' with Suzy

It's Vast Aire, the Sith Lord

I won't hesitate to pinch your wind cord

Everybody's wondering like how

New Millennium, blowing up like Lando

[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, Zombieland, that's a dead fly

You better fly away

You better get away Get away n***a

Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot

It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly

You better fly awa-a-a-ayy

You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n***a

[Verse 3: Demoz]

I remember I was broke, scramblin' so I could smoke

No joke, I was livin' like an addict sniffin' dope

In the attic doing coke with a addict gettin' throat

Like a savage, but I'm not an savage, n***a I'm the GOAT

Yes the greatest, you the fakest, it's sad the shit I wrote

Could have dropped a thousand albums, Scott, they glad I never spoke

But I'm speakin' now, and I'm spittin' ether now

Catch you like I catch a dutch, smoke you like the reefer now

Pussy ass n***as in the game like it's Easter now

I'm in all black, weapon on me like the Reaper now

I ain't come to sell my soul, I kept it like a prenup

Bitch you sold your soul now you tryna get a refund

Hey Mr. Critic you created a monster, in my head
I'm a double entendre, am I dead?
Please let me know 'cause I'm feelin' like a ghost
They can't see me like Stevie but they feelin' what I wrote
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz & Demoz]
Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot
It's fiends out here, Zombieland, that's a dead fly
You better fly away
You better get away Get away n***a
Trigger pon cocked, that's a headshot
It's fiends out here, ahki that's a dead fly
You better fly awa-a-a-ayy
You better get awa-a-a-ayy Get away n***a

Serve the Creator by Vinnie Paz

Vinnie Paz

Serve the Creator

[Verse 1: Recognize Ali]

Yeah! Recognize, mafuckas

These razor blades is sharper than the metal bar (wraah)

How you jello forms fuckin' with the ghetto god (huh)

I let the cannon roar, doggy get your melon mauled

You scared of war

Bring the pain I swear I split that pan in two (hahaha)

I need me in the flesh, walking up from the wave (yeah)

Like Afro Samurai the way I live by the blade

The criminal kind, n***as get clapped for they cake (ba-ba-ba-ba)

Half of 'em fake, I don't hear kings and treat 'em like slaves

Exotic tools (yeah) Shooters from Kalamazoo

Had to let a beast such as myself out of the zoo (uhuh)

You n***as cute, I blast a bitch in and out of your crew (brrrr!)

So disrespectful partner I known to piss on you fools

A hustler in the streets, in the booth I'm a animal (y'know that)

I spit that fire water and the flow's highly inflammable (facts)

Seven Star General, the third war Hannibal

This hammer though, will leave a hole in your cantaloupe

(to-to-to-to-to) Word, to this game I'm a Pharaoh (yeah)

They say to make it big I gotta make a deal with the devil (nah, fuck that)

Get right, this industry is a fraud (yeah)

They only want 'em to ghost yeah and with us Allah (Alhamdulillah) (Praise be to God)

Yeah! I'm choppin' diamonds like a jeweler

Smoke the Buddha, sip a Nannavoola, I'm a fool-a

Yeah! Motherfuckers

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...

This a wild guess homie, this a shot in the dark

You like baby food, just another walk in the park

This philosophy I walk into a Mosque with Descartes

This is Jeffrey Dahmer '89, fork in the heart

This Magnum ain't eat in a while, see the .cal hungry

That's why I got my hand in my drawers like I'm Al Bundy
A lot of y'all know that you stolen ya' style from me
You can't duplicate what I did and you wild bummy
What you know about your man being down?
Doing eighteen bullets you ain't have him around
We clappin' this like you wearin' a cap and a gown
The hatches is wide open better battin' 'em down
You tryin' to go to war with the man
You mafuckas 'bout to ride in the coroner van
This a mind ripper, you can take a shot of this booze
I'm a king, you a pawn, y'all must got me confused
Batman!

The Gone-Away World by Vinnie Paz

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]

(Yeah) -- I'll die on my own sword
Before I transgress against the Lord and his accord
Y'all are playin' games and it's somethin' you can't afford
Babylon the grey horse, cities they adored
Babylon kill Eric Garner
Babylon protect itself with armor
Sodom and Gomorrah, this is horror
Philando Castile was a martyr
And they only response to disarm us
This a fuckin' promise, I ain't gon' subscribe to any dogmas
Cognitive process of my conscience
There's no solace, before the storm always calmest
The Jezebels call theyself Goddess
Maybe cause they Godless
Maybe cause they arrogant and pompous
Philosophy is sat around a dumbass promise
Why do y'all choose to ignore the obvious?
Isaac gave dower at the obelisk
Prophesized hawk at the monolith
Return to destroy the populace, the megalopolis

[Chorus: (?)]

Come on my friends, open your eyes
See the sunshine from the west
The sky is burning and the birds stopped singing
Come on wake up from your rest

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

(Yeah) -- Gabriel came to Allah apostle
The Great Tribulation and the Gospel
Describe the Ulama as colossal
The All Aware One never doubts you
Metamorphesize to a fossil
It's water in the bottle
Resurrect the dead from the fox hole
Yemenite Kings had to jostle
They ended the life of Kalief Browder

Cause mafuckers didn't speak louder
He ain't have power
They ruined his mind and he got devoured
Babylon tortured him and tarred him, then he cowered
Mafuckers just resigned to die on the avenue
Same shit, different day, pie, roe and ballyhoo
Your mans ain't gonna help you, he ain't gon' carry you
The same one who call himself your brother will embarrass you
I take these mafuckers out and do it proudly
It's better to die on the mountain than live in the valley

[Chorus]

Bloody Jungle by Vinnie Paz

[Intro: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah

Pistolero Pazzy and all that

Stu Ferrigno

Yeah

Look, aight, one-two

[Verse 1: Vinnie Paz]:

Bumbaclot, you could die out here

This a different set of rules we abide by here

Them yoppas is always out, we do drive-bys here

Y'all are hippies, Vinnie don't allow tie-dye here

This the book of Exodus, it's Mount Sinai here

You get punched in the fucking face for looking side-eyed here

No hablo inglés, pardner, we play salsa here

I got shooters that took a charge they like ta-ta here

Chop his fucking head, cock it back for the click-clack

Stray shots hit 'em in the abdomen the six pack

The 40. Cal bullets size smaller than a tic-tac

Beretta 84 Cheetah hit em like a Chit sack

The Taurus jammed too much, pa, so I can't bother

The Nighthawk blammin', it touch you like Bambaattaa

How many more of y'all gon' be catching the fate?

And everybody mad looking at the mess that I made

Stupid!

[Chorus: Tragedy Khadafi]

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it

Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket

Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet

You need to get back inside the closet

'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Verse 2: Tragedy Khadafi]

Don't have me push a button flyin' all type of kites

Deprive you of oxygen, deprive you of life
Slugs flyin' out of nines inside your windpipes
This the difference between survivin' and living life
Stop the barkin' before I make the gun bite
My faculty's in order, underworld supporter
Sodom Gomorrah, sodomize mics for four quarters
Get it the hustle, hustle to get it that's off the muscle
Queue the apocalypse, the iron jungle
A hundred miles runnin' N****as Wit' Attitude'll gun you
Look what it come to, set it out when the god come through
Tranquilo or humble, more dope than a bundle
War tactics, artifacts, it's all actual
Khadaf no gay, Khadaf no play, Khadaf the
Black Caeser you sweeter than Stevie J
(You sweeter than Stevie J)
[Chorus: Vinnie Paz and Tragedy Khadafi]
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets, c'mon, stop it
Stop it, y'all little dudes been out of pocket
Your whole wardrobe comin' out your girl's closet
You need to get back inside the closet
'Fore we unleash the rockets c'mon stop it

[Outro]
(C'mon stop it)
(C'mon stop it)
Stop

